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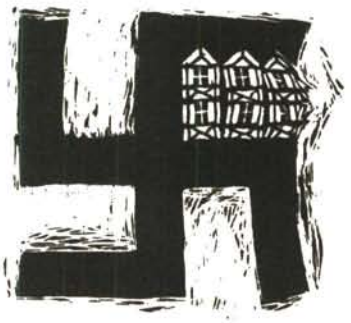

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Tra-la-la

★ The DAR last week, the US Chamber of Commerce this week; *lhude sing cuccu*, spring is here! It affects us all. We remarked a bevy of middle-aged females in the hall outside the Senate chamber the other day. They had sent in their card to Senator Dirksen; evidently constituents. There is a certain formidable something about a Republican constituent, particularly in Washington at DAR time, that is unmistakable. We waited with interest.

He came prancing out, every seam in his withered face a-twit, like an ancient robin. "I heard you were here, girls," he declaimed, "and put aside the armor of the gladiator to don the habiliments of the poet! What can I do for you, girls?"

Sudden silence as the dowagers writhed in bashful pleasure. The Senator fondly encouraged them to speak. A voice piped up from the rear, "We just wanted to listen to you, Senator."

Ah, spring . . .

Criticism and LBJ

★ President Johnson this spring has installed AP and UPI news tickers in his private office so that he can keep in even closer touch with what's going on. They are set in white cabinets that reduce a strident clatter to a subdued murmur. They are another example of the nervous intensity with which the President tries to cover everything that is happening, to guide and possess it.

This was well enough when he was Senate Majority Leader, and reporters adjusted themselves to his caged-lion energy, his ability and sensitivity. But it does raise puzzling questions in a Chief Executive. In foreign affairs a President has more power than the head of any other democratic state. After all, why is it impossible for Mr. Johnson to hold formal press conferences, and subject himself to give and take as other Presidents have done?

The country is going through a serious strain over Vietnam, make no doubt about it, and wants almost continuous explanation and reassurance. Mr. Johnson's speech at Johns Hopkins offering "unconditional discussions" was good enough, but why did he wait so long? – it came two months late.

Examples of Mr. Johnson's irritation when the press scoops him on some appointment, often relatively unimportant, are known to every reporter. It is a curious twist to a man who has the potentialities of greatness. Mr. Johnson does not like to be chided or criticized. One assumes that his reaction to criticism does not carry over into foreign affairs. In his public appearances he gives the impression of steadiness and steadfastness. Any President would assume this pose, of course, but with Mr. Johnson it seems genuine.

Opinion and the War

★ And yet one wonders. The United States has no better friend than Canada's Lester Pearson, and yet there were signs that he had affronted Mr. Johnson by his modest proposal for a temporary cease-fire in Vietnam. Senator Fulbright now repeats the proposal. There were hints that Mr. Johnson took Secretary General U Thant's original peace proposals amiss.

Mr. Johnson seems to have decided against normal press conferences to meet these tensions. He is, of course, the best judge of his skill in the use of this tool. But it is upsetting when the White House suddenly postpones visits from Prime Minister Shastri of India, and President Ayub Khan of Pakistan, and then gives no chance to put direct queries to Mr. Johnson. The secretariat tries to smooth over such rasping incidents, but the offense is given; the absence of Johnson comment seems to underline that the slight is intentional.

If the country had a strong Secretary of State he might control Mr. Johnson. But perhaps that is unfair to Mr. Rusk. Mr. Johnson, like the Mississippi flood, is a hard thing to dike. It is comforting to remember how many times he took issue with liberal critics in the Senate, only to cooperate with them later.

Of one thing, though, we are reasonably confident. Americans don't like an escalated war. They will wait and hope, and then – they will balk. There is an unusual mood in the USA as we see it. We are fighting a war and yet there is no war atmosphere. There is bewilderment, not passion; there is a loyal desire to back the President, not war fever. A good test is that people who disagree aren't ending their friendships. Only the crackpots and the more disagreeable columnists are calling names.

The fact is, the public is basically agreed. They differ over the road but not the destination. Virtually everybody wants to get extricated from a repugnant situation. We guess that half the Senate is really against the way things are going. Let Mr. Johnson know it at his peril: if there is real ground fighting in the Vietnam jungle, if there are real casualty lists, we think Americans will simply say, "No."

There is a final problem. We hear it mentioned again and again. If some catastrophic accident occurred it might precipitate a major war. Senator Mike Mansfield is a studious and quiet man, but as he solemnly warned last week, the longer a diplomatic confrontation is postponed "the more the likelihood that the present limited conflict will spread into a general war in Asia." Why not use Moscow's proposed conference on the neutrality of Cambodia for such a confrontation? The Soviet suggestion, Mr. Mansfield said, is "worthy of the most serious consideration."

★ *Notes:* We talked about "conglomerate" mergers last week. The Justice Department's chief antitrust officer, William Orrick, has now testified. No law says CBS shan't buy the New York Yankees. But these vast new conglomerate holding companies that are springing up everywhere, he notes, "may have all the economic and technical resources needed to engage in competition with smaller units in every business simply by internal growth." Some day Congress must answer: what degree of concentration of economic power is "intolerable"?

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Rebels with Cause

Sixteen thousand students and teachers from around the country have been to Washington to protest against American policy in Vietnam. The majority seem never to have participated before in this kind of public demonstration. Most of them were well-scrubbed, well-dressed, well-behaved. So far as inquiring reporters could judge, they had in common no ideology; at least no clearly-defined doctrine of historical change. They are, quite simply, revolted by bombing raids in the North and by the use of napalm and other weapons on villages in the South. They ask how Lyndon Johnson can propose a billion dollar investment in Southeast Asia, while spurning all appeals to call off the bombing of roads and bridges; they ask how the President can ask for "unconditional negotiations," while refusing to sit down with the Viet Cong; they ask how he can claim to support self-determination for the Vietnamese, when for nine years the United States has consented to, if not connived in, the postponement of elections prescribed in the Geneva Agreements of 1954.

Sixteen thousand is quite a large number, and one ought not generalize when speaking of so diverse an assembly. Yet these marchers – and their counterparts on dozens of campuses – share certain sentiments. Most of them are contemptuous of conventional politics; they distrust Bigness and Bureaucracy; they fear the dehumanizing effects of automation. They are peaceminded, but not pacifist; repelled by any holy war against Communism, but not Communist; anxious to end poverty, but unimpressed by what our welfare state plans for the poor. The more sophisticated who came to Washington said they did not oppose the continuation of the war in Vietnam on moral grounds alone. "We think," one of their spokesmen said, "that a war in Asia will destroy what we want to build in America." That had a familiar ring. Student demonstrators in the late thirties stood on exactly the same ground in opposing American involvement in the Second World War. But a sharp difference emerges here between the two generations. The peaceminded young people of 1939 and 1940 did finally recognize the incorrigible evil of Nazism and chose to fight it rather than risk its overwhelming the West. The students who came to protest this April do not now and are not likely later to recognize any such clear-cut affront to their moral convictions in the Viet Cong challenge. If the Vietnamese want Ho Chi Minh, one of them said, they should have him. They think of themselves as uninhibited by experiences that scarred their elders, as a generation not traumatized

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by the depression, brutalized by the war or paralyzed by McCarthy. Whatever they are, they are something new; they belong to a new-fashioned, post-Cold War era. Inevitably, one of the first questions reporters asked them was the extent of Communist infiltration in their movement. The question seemed to them irrelevant, as do most of the criticisms leveled at them by the middle-aged. From the speeches that were made in Washington, one gathers that although they disagree with Mr. Johnson, they don't regard him as a villain. They regret his hypocrisy as much as they reject his policies; they oppose the means he is using rather than the ends he seeks. They paraded in front of the White House, a student leader remarked, because they felt the President was more responsive to public opinion than "his advisers." That feeling was echoed by many of the rank and file, most of whom actively supported Mr. Johnson in November.

In the petition they presented to Congress, the peace marchers listed four possible recourses in Vietnam: reconvening the Geneva Conference, negotiating with the National Liberation Front and the Hanoi regime, immediate withdrawal of US forces, and UN supervised elections. Their basic demand, however, was for a stronger "will" to end the fighting; they would leave the specifics "to the diplomats." Such deference is thought to be uncharacteristic of militants – and so it has been. But among the morally concerned students of today one senses a high degree of discrimination, an awareness that while institutions and individual conscience often conflict, each has just claims. An extraordinary illustration of this kind of maturity came to light last month at the University of California at Riverside. Stirred by events in Alabama, the Student Executive Council voted to ask President Johnson to intervene in the Selma racial crisis. By so doing, the students contravened university rules and were told by the chancellor at Riverside that unless they rescinded their policy statement he would vacate the council. Bob Holcomb, president of the student body, acceded to the chancellor's ultimatum, voted to rescind the Council resolution, then resigned. To the student body, Mr. Holcomb said: "I voted yes tonight so that student government may continue. I observe your right to do with it as you see fit. To me, what remains is a hollow shell, a sham, a mockery of the democratic process it was intended to serve. It represents a void of silence in a time when voices for justice must be heard. I felt obligated as a student spokesman to see your government preserved, but I do not feel compelled to perjure my convictions on your behalf. I voted yes out of necessity and in fairness to you. Now I will resign because of conscience and in fairness to myself." Could it have been said better?

The students who walked under the newly green trees of the Capitol this April, like their Berkeley cousins, are unambiguous about one thing: they want to have a say in the way they live or lose their lives, and they demand that right for others. "In a strange way," the president of the sponsoring Students for a Democratic Society told the marchers, "the people of Vietnam and the people in this demonstration are united in much more than a common concern that the war be ended. In both countries there are people struggling to build a movement that has the power to change their condition. The system that frustrates those movements is the same. All our lives, our destinies, our very hopes to live depend on our ability to overcome that system." Here peace and the struggle for civil rights merge, and the connecting thread is: We shall overcome.

The last big peace march on Washington was in February, 1962, when more than 5,000 students picketed the White House in a snow storm, asking the Kennedy Administration not to resume nuclear testing and to abandon its civil defense program. Their pleas appeared to fall on deaf ears. Eight months later came the Cuban crisis, and no matter how fiercely they called for peace, they were powerless to influence events. Then, with the test ban treaty, the peace movement seemed to shrivel and die overnight. By the beginning of 1963, most of the young political activists had turned their attention to civil rights, to the Birmingham riots in the spring and the march on Washington in August. The irony is that in the last three years almost every demand of the 1962 demonstrators has been met. The two great nuclear powers agreed to ban nuclear tests in the air; fallout shelters are out of the news; the United States rescued the United Nations from bankruptcy by purchasing millions of dollars' worth of bonds; an arms control agency was established; cultural exchanges and trade with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe have been greatly expanded; Moscow and Washington have been linked by a "hot" line – a development not even imagined in 1962.

Will the hopes of the demonstrators of 1965 so quickly be realized? The marchers themselves are unsure of their significance; they wonder whether they are taken at all seriously. More than they know, they are. Their demonstration encourages criticism from Congress, the clergy and a few influential editorial pages. Questions are raised which the President feels obliged to answer; the obligation itself injects a new element into the process of making policy. The student protest must still bridge the generational gap; the acquiescent fifties are not so far behind us; Americans are used to thinking of college kids waving pom-poms at football games and raising hell at Fort Lauderdale. That image is a reflection of what Irving Howe in his article in this issue calls "the sticky world of success." But these students have come unstuck.

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Failure in Indonesia

From Karachi to Tokyo, the dominoes are falling. Mr. Johnson's impetuous postponement of Pakistani President Ayub's visit to Washington – because of his cautious criticism of American actions in Vietnam – has served only to reduce still further Asian confidence in America's good judgment. The coincidental snub to Indian Prime Minister Shastri (you can't disinvite one without the other) was so needlessly harmful that it could only have come (as it did) on an impulse, without the counsel of wiser diplomats at the State Department.

In Japan, this country's strongest friend and the only "have" country in Asia, there has been a marked disenchantment with the Vietnam war policy. Premier Sato's fact-finder, Mr. Matsumoto, returned from a mission to Indochina persuaded that the Viet Cong, not Hanoi, is chiefly responsible for the rebellion in the South. Cambodia, which ought to have been a model for a neutralist Southeast Asian state, is totally alienated from Washington. The Philippines, for so long a *de facto* American satellite, is seeking to assert some influence of its own in Asian politics; the current national elections campaign will probably contain a dose of anti-American nationalist feeling. "With the possible, though only apparent exception of Japan," Walter Lippmann wrote last week, "we are embroiled with all the powers of Asia. The bitter truth of the matter is that we can search the globe and look in vain for true and active supporters of our policy."

Nowhere is the breakdown of our Far Eastern policy more complete than in Indonesia, the fifth most populous country in the world, and in many ways the most important in Southeast Asia. President Sukarno may be, as President Tito calls him, the "Oriental Goldwater," but in their hearts a hundred million Indonesians believe he's right. Their nationalist fervor, however immoderate, can't be laughed away. Sukarno understandably believes Indonesia deserves great-power status in Asia. For good and bad reasons, he sees Malaysia blocking his policy. His is a romantic view of history, in which the US and Britain (Old Established Forces) must inevitably conflict with Indonesia (a New Emerging Force).

Any useful relationship with Indonesia has been forfeited by US policy in Vietnam. As American bombs fall on Vietnamese villages, Asian tempers rise. In Indonesia, the Communist Party – always a threat – is now more powerful than ever. Sukarno's "confrontation" with Malaysia had a certain anti-Chinese base; Indonesians fear a Malaysia dominated by its Chinese population. But Vietnam has given the pro-Peking elements a rallying point in Indonesia. Sukarno is responding in the obvious way: against the US.

Ambassador Bunker's two-week mission to Indonesia, during which he was able to speak with almost every Indonesian politician (including Sukarno), has ended on a gloomy, if not despairing note. As Bunker left, Chinese Premier Chou En-lai arrived for celebrations marking the tenth anniversary of the Bandung Conference. Washington misunderstood the meaning of Bandung then, as it still does. Through three Administrations, it has been unable to come to grips with the consequences of nationalism in Africa and Asia. Now, the gulf between the US and Indonesia is wider than ever. The best Bunker could get from Sukarno was an understanding to "keep diplomatic channels open." Until a settlement is reached in Vietnam, there is no hope for better.

Justice at Justice

On August 10, 1964, then Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy announced the creation of a new office in his department, the Office of Criminal Justice, to be headed by Professor James Voremberg of Harvard Law School. It began with a two-year study of the problems of poverty and the administration of criminal justice; it initiated a program of federal bail reform capped by the co-sponsorship of a National Bail Conference, and the passage of the Criminal Justice Act which provided for a federal system of guaranteed legal counsel for the poor. The press, including this journal, praised the idea behind this innovation. Its purpose – to narrow the widening and aggravated gulf between law enforcement and individual rights, and to initiate appropriate law reforms in this area – is admirable. That the office was set up under the deputy attorney general instead of within the criminal division seemed to be a good way to assure a non-prosecutorial character.

Since its auspicious beginning last August, however, the Criminal Justice Office has been run on a unique one-day-a-week basis by Professor Voremberg who has continued to be a full-time member of the Harvard

COMING: *What is ahead for the United Nations? – a realistic inquiry by Benjamin V. Cohen*

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Law faculty. The job calls for a $24,500-a-year chief. A small group of lawyers in this office are working on interesting and vital matters. The present Attorney General is a supporter of the program. It is beyond dispute that whatever has already been accomplished, much more could be done if the director were working at the job all the time. Without such leadership the office may become little more than a public relations and mail answering organization amidst a huge prosecutorial establishment.

STABLE NOW, BUT VULNERABLE TO GUERRILLA ATTACK

How Secure Is Thailand?

Hong Kong

The Thai government is a military dictatorship, perched on a volcano of peasant poverty in the backward northeastern provinces, tribal animosities in the north, political-military rivalries in Bangkok, and three million Chinese who comprise 10 percent of Thailand's population. Since 1946, $870 million in US aid and six years of martial law have kept the country relatively stable, at least compared with neighboring Burma, Cambodia and Laos. How long that will remain true is an open question. Chinese Foreign Minister Marshal Chen Yi is reported to have told a visiting diplomat in Peking recently, "We may have a guerrilla war going in Thailand within a year." That ranks as the third most important foreign language for instruction in China, after English and Russian.

More than a third of Thailand's population live in the northeast provinces and are hardly Thai at all. They speak Lao, as do the people across the narrow Mekong River in Laos; and they are descended from people who once lived under Laotian rule. Insofar as they understand what nationality means, many feel they owe their allegiance to Vientiane, the Laotian capital. In 1946, thousands of Vietnamese fleeing from the French were allowed to settle in northeast Thailand but continue to regard Ho Chi Minh as their leader.

With American backing, beginning in 1961, the Thai government sent anti-poverty teams to the northeast. Government officers, even cabinet ministers were dispatched to the boondocks, and King Phumiphon himself toured a number of villages to combat the impression of Lao-speaking inhabitants that *their* monarch resided on the other side of the Mekong, in Laos. There followed the building of roads and schoolhouses, the introduction of better farming implements, the planning of irrigation systems. There were also arrests of suspected "subversives," often school teachers or disgruntled Bangkok politicians who had gone into hiding.

By 1960, some 70,000 Vietnamese had settled in the northeast of Thailand. Several thousand were subsequently repatriated to North Vietnam. But in the wake of February's air strikes against North Vietnamese coastal areas, the Hanoi government officially informed Thailand that it is unable to maintain the shuttle of vessels between Bangkok and North Vietnam that was gradually reducing the Vietnamese population of the northeast. Among the thousands remaining, Thai officials believe many are trained Communists.

Up to now, the Communist Party of Thailand (CPT) has not amounted to much. Although Comintern agents were active clandestinely as early as the 1920's (Ho Chi Minh himself did a "tour" in Thailand), the CPT was not founded until 1942. Like its sister party, the Malayan Communist Party, the CPT has been dominated from the start by Chinese. For years, it has had to work far underground, its leaders almost totally anonymous and its influence virtually nonexistent in a country that never had to struggle for its independence. Occasionally the CPT has been listed among the well-wishers at foreign party congresses. It appears to be solidly pro-Peking, an alignment probably determined both by its ethnic ties and its situation at the very lowest rung of what promises to be a most exhausting climb to power.

Last October 1, however, the CPT addressed a message to the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party on the occasion of National Day in Peking. In addition to fraternal greetings and praise for Peking's "resolute opposition to modern revisionism," Thai Communists also appealed for the formation of "a patriotic, democratic, united front" to work against the Thai government and its American backers. This was followed on December 8, 1964, by the announcement over a clandestine radio transmitter calling itself the "Voice of the People of Thailand" of the establishment of the "Thailand Independence Movement," whose manifesto was carried in full five days later, by

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the official New Chinese News Agency (NCNA). The manifesto made it clear that the leaders of the new organization were appealing for as wide support as possible within Thailand in opposing the government of Marshal Thanom Kittikaokorn. This is in accord with well-established "united front" tactics employed by small but aspiring Communist parties.

Then on January 23, the "Patriotic Front of Thailand" was proclaimed over the same clandestine transmitter. The relationship of this front to the "Thailand Independence Movement" is not entirely clear, but it has affirmed itself ready to cooperate with all Thais who love peace and democracy regardless of their political affiliation. It also calls for the overthrow of the Thanom government, the severing of ties with the United States, and the righting of ethnic, religious and sectional grievances.

In launching these two fronts, the CPT is certainly receiving support from Peking, which for a decade has castigated Thailand as the keystone of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. Whereas Thailand's trio of neutralist neighbors, Burma, Laos and Cambodia, maintain diplomatic relations with Peking, Thailand a decade ago allied itself with the US. The Thai government feels itself dangerously exposed to the Communist Chinese, who took advantage of the elimination of the non-Communist presence from Laos's northwestern Nam Tha Province to push a network of strategic roads down to the border of Thailand.

China's Yunnan Province has a considerable ethnic Thai population, and Peking has been training Thai cadres for years, much the way North Vietnam trained Vietnamese cadres from the South after the 1954 armistice. China is also harboring a former Thai Prime Minister, Pridi Phanomyong, who still retains connections in Bangkok. At some future date the Chinese may see fit to trundle him out into public view from the semi-obscurity in which he has been living in Yunnan.

ARTHUR J. DOMMEN

Standards To Protect The Buying Public

The government has made little progress toward improving standards for consumer goods, and the Commerce Department is considering a plan that might make matters worse. This proposal, called the LaQue report (after Dr. Francis L. LaQue, vice president of the International Nickel Company, Inc., who headed a panel of industrial technologists looking into standard-setting), recommends creation of a national standards institute, in which the government would work with private trade groups in a voluntary program to improve various industrial standard-setting methods. The institute would also, at long last, set up standards for consumer products.

A standard, roughly speaking, is a statement of what the buyer expects from the seller; what is lacking today in a large number of consumer products are standards pertaining to health and safety as well as quality. The government does lay down some standards under law in the health and safety area. But most product standards are fixed by a "consensus" of private trade groups; adherence to these standards is voluntary. There are perhaps 500 such trade organizations at work in standardizing; more than 100 of the most important are federated in the American Standards Association (ASA) which coordinates their efforts.

The LaQue report suggests expanding ASA to include both federal financing and membership by the government on its board of directors. (This federal participation would be limited to one-third the total members, most of whom presumably would represent business interests.) Adherence to the standards would remain voluntary; consensus would be the means of reaching agreement. A standard that bore approval of this quasi federal-industry organization would be labeled "USA Standards." The proposed institute would have a consumer affairs division with balanced representation among consumers, government, producers and general interest groups.

Since it could not hope to directly oversee the development of thousands of industrial standards, it would approve procedures of various trade groups which then would go ahead on their own to develop and promulgate standards.

Where a standard had not been set up or where there was some dissatisfaction with one already in existence, a technical committee in the institute could discuss it; in the case of consumer products the consumer affairs division would be brought in. All this boils down to the meaning of consensus. "The consensus principle is crucial in development of American standards," says the ASA by way of explanation. "A consensus does not necessarily mean unanimous acceptance. Votes are weighed rather than counted. A weighty objection of one important organization may outweigh all other affirmative votes. Or a number of negative votes of groups that are only distantly concerned with the subject matter may be discounted in the face of affirmative votes of parties that are vitally affected by the standard."

This means just about anything one might want it to mean, and in an organization weighted toward the interests of big business, it suggests that industry will get pretty much what it wants.

Government participation in this sort of scheme

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poses some unpleasant possibilities. For instance, working under the consensus theory, the Society of Automotive Engineers – a technical standard-setting group for the auto industry – laid out specifications for the manufacture of odometers, the mileage recording part of the speedometer. Those specifications provided for an overregistration error of plus five percent. As a result rental car companies which charge by the mile, made annual overcharges to customers totaling more than $4 million a year; in addition, odometer errors suggested that car warranties were off base and that gas mileage claims were untrue. The National Bureau of Standards discovered the error. It met with the auto industry, which initially claimed it was technically impossible to make an accurate odometer. But when it became clear that the Bureau of Standards meant business, Detroit came around and agreed to make a far more accurate instrument.

It seems doubtful that the auto industry had this change of heart because of some cozy consensus theory of setting standards. Probably it realized the jig was up, and were it not to back off, there might be some rather disagreeable publicity, and perhaps a government investigation. Had the proposed standards institute been in existence, the government itself probably would have been implicated in setting the original standard which gypped the public.

A standards institute would be a logical place for Congress to go in setting up standards. Experts would be gathered there; facilities would be within reach. Obviously such an organization would become the vital center of the standardizing business. That could have interesting results. Senator Nelson now is seeking federal tire safety standards. They would correct so-called "safety standards" put out last year as a publicity gimmick by the Rubber Manufacturers Association, the tire trade group. But if the institute existed, the Rubber Manufacturers probably wouldn't need to fret too much after the law was passed; it could come right back into their hands for implementation; they could then write their own specifications.

If the antitrust section of the Justice Department ever were to determine that standards had been deliberately set up as a means to restrain trade, the government as well as industry would be implicated in the rigging.

Under the LaQue scheme the government would appear to shed any pretense of maintaining an arms-length role, either as major purchaser or as protector of the public interest, and instead would accept the general principle that its interests and those of big business are virtually identical.

Right now the Commerce Department is studying the LaQue report. It has not yet decided whether to seek legislation implementing the proposals. Standards for consumer products need to be fixed firmly and fairly, but before legislation to this end is drawn up, there ought to be a detailed congressional investigation into how best the government can help.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

Amending the Voting Rights Bill

by Alexander M. Bickel

Shortly before Congress went home for Easter, committees of both the Senate and the House reported out amended versions of President Johnson's voting rights bill. The Senate Judiciary Committee, instructed by the Senate to report no later than April 9, met its deadline and sent the bill directly to the floor. In the House, the bill came out of subcommittee on April 10 and is now before the full Judiciary Committee. In its present form, as it goes to the floor in the Senate and to the full Judiciary Committee in the House, the bill outlaws the poll tax – a feature discussed in these pages last week. It embodies also some additional noteworthy changes, as compared with the original Administration draft. As Mr. Johnson first sent it up on March 17, the bill applied exclusively – with some incidental exceptions in the North – to the hard core Southern states and Black Belt counties, where prospective voters are required to pass various complicated tests, and where, as of November, 1964, fewer than 50 percent of voting-age citizens were registered or voted – a figure well below the average in the rest of the country. The original Administration bill forbade the use of literacy and like tests, and authorized the appointment by the Attorney General and the Civil Rights Commission of federal examiners to register voters. In this form, the bill had irrelevant application in Alaska and in counties in Maine, Idaho and Arizona, and was not applicable in some counties, say in Texas, where very few

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Negroes are registered and discrimination is probably practiced, although the customary literacy and understanding tests are not used. Nor did the bill apply in places where Negroes constitute a relatively small percentage of the population, and the whites vote in unusually large numbers.

Amendments adopted by the Senate Judiciary Committee rationalized this situation. Irrelevant places are excluded from coverage by the addition of a requirement that 20 percent of the voting-age population must be non-white before the bill can have automatic application. On the other hand, coverage is extended, regardless of whether literacy tests are used, to any state or county where fewer than 25 percent of voting-age Negroes are registered. These amendments are excellent. The version reported out by the House subcommittee does not include them, and it is to be hoped that they will be adopted in the full Judiciary Committee or on the floor of the House. If there are places of any interest not covered even by the Senate Judiciary Committee draft, both the present Senate and House versions of the bill take care of them by amendments that enable the Attorney General to use the Civil Rights Act of 1960 much more easily and effectively than has been possible heretofore.

Aside from these useful amendments of the Administration draft, there are also, however, some changes that weaken the bill – particularly in the version reported out by the Senate Judiciary Committee. The most serious such change deals with the steps any individual Negro must take in order to get himself registered by a federal examiner. One of the chief difficulties with the Civil Rights Act of 1960 was that even if federal registration procedures had ever been significantly activated under it, a Negro applicant could have access to them only after having first tried and failed to obtain registration from a state official. Given the forbidding and often violent atmosphere in the offices of many Southern state registrars, this presented quite a hurdle. The Administration draft of the 1965 bill enables the Attorney General to waive the requirement that the voter applicant exhaust state procedures; it would allow federal examiners to receive applications on a showing merely that the applicant was not otherwise registered to vote. This very important provision is left intact in the draft that emerged from the House subcommittee.

But the Senate Judiciary Committee wrote in a requirement that an applicant before a federal examiner must allege not only that he is not otherwise registered to vote, but also "that he has been deprived of the right to register or vote on account of race or color." The Attorney General is not authorized to waive this requirement. The language just quoted is vague enough so that it might be read not to mean very much. But it is surely intended to mean something, and possibly something quite strict. Even if all there is here is an ambiguity, it is extremely dangerous, for it comes at an absolutely vital point: the result could be to erect a barrier to voting similar to that in the 1960 Act.

Under the original Administration draft, any state or county to which the bill was applicable could exempt itself from the provisions of the bill by convincing a three-judge federal court in the District of Columbia that it had practiced no discrimination against Negro voters for the preceding 10 years. But there could be no such exemption until 10 years after the date of any federal judgment in any prior case (that is, in any suit brought under the Civil Rights Act of 1957, 1960 and 1964) which had determined that discrimination was practiced.

An amendment by Senator Everett Dirksen, however, allows an exemption on a showing that no discriminatory practices are *now* in effect, as of the time a state or county requests exemption, provided only that literacy and similar tests have not been administered during the preceding five years; or in the alternative, that the state or county in question has registered 60 percent of its voting age population. Any prior judicial finding of discrimination becomes merely evidence relevant to the question of whether discrimination is now practiced, but the latter is the decisive question. Thus exemptions are made possible by 1970 or earlier, which would have been impossible under the Administration draft for many more years. The House subcommittee draft also weakens the original Administration provision on this point, but does not go as far as Senator Dirken's amendment.

Turning to voting itself, as distinct from the prior process of registration, both the present Senate and House versions of the bill add a provision for federal poll watchers, which is, of course, welcome. But the Senate version, although not the House draft, virtually ruins a very good provision in the original Administration bill, under which, on complaints that Negroes had been kept from voting, or that their ballots had not been counted, the government could obtain a court order forbidding certification of the election results. Such an order was to issue automatically on a temporary basis, and if the court then found that what the complaint alleged was true, the court could forbid any purported winner from taking office until the votes that should have been cast are cast and counted. This was a very effective sanction, and the notable thing about it was that the temporary injunction preventing certification of the election results was to issue automatically; the local district judge could not refuse to issue it. The Senate version waters all this down, and gives the district court discretion to let the election results go forward.

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Russia, the US and Vietnam

by Hans J. Morgenthau

Having just returned from Moscow after talking to American diplomats, to representatives of allied and neutral countries, and to Soviet officials, academicians and military men, I carry with me two major impressions: the hopelessness of a negotiated settlement of the war in Vietnam under present conditions and the likelihood of Soviet military intervention.

A negotiated settlement is now rendered impossible by three factors: the irreconcilable character of the positions taken by either side, the military situation remaining unfavorable to the United States, and the ambiguity of the American negotiating position. Moscow, Hanoi, Peking and the Viet Cong are at one in seeking the elimination of the American military presence in South Vietnam, while the United States appears to be willing to remove its military presence only on conditions of stability in South Vietnam which are unattainable in the foreseeable future. The military situation remains as desperate as it has been in recent times. Richard Dudman has given in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* a vivid picture of incessant military deterioration, of cities supplied only by air or sea, of the Viet Cong exacting tribute even from government convoys. The London *Economist* reports in its issue of April 17 that "two slogans that are now heard quite often in Saigon and elsewhere are: 'Yank go fight your war someplace else,' and, in Army circles: 'He who doesn't fight has no need to run away' " and that "north of Saigon, it is with the greatest difficulty that the Americans can persuade the government forces to keep the main coastal road open during the day." Finally, the President's speech of April 7, intended to open a new, more conciliatory phase in American policy, is contradictory within itself in that it attempts to combine elements of the old policy of indiscriminate peripheral military containment of Communism in Asia with a new policy of creating an independent Indochina including North Vietnam and supported by the Soviet Union. In Soviet eyes, however, these constructive elements in the President's speech have been obliterated by the massive air raids on North Vietnam, following the President's speech by less than 24 hours. Wherever I mentioned in Moscow the constructive elements in the President's speech, I was referred to the bombs whose detonations seem to have drowned out the words uttered in Baltimore.

The Soviet attitude toward American policy is one of despair, alarm and exasperation. The despair is most keenly felt by those who have been identified with Khrushchev's policy of peaceful coexistence and of mitigating the conflict with the United States. They declare themselves to be fighting with their backs to the wall, barely holding their own against the growing influence of the faction that favors the hard line of the Chinese. It is not necessary to take such statements at face value in order to recognize the dilemma in which the Soviet Union finds itself and the impossibility for the Soviet Union to remain indefinitely a passive bystander in the face of the progressive destruction of North Vietnam by American military power. It is likewise easy to see why the Soviet Union would take an active part in the hostilities only with the greatest reluctance, being forced by American policy to take a course of action it would not have taken if it had had a choice.

The dilemma the Soviet Union faces stems from the fact that, on the one hand, the Soviet Union has a vital interest in avoiding a direct military confrontation with the United States and that, on the other hand, it cannot remain indifferent to the fate of another Communist country and ally, such as North Vietnam, especially as it must compete with China for the control of the world Communist movement. However anxious the Soviet Union is to avoid a direct military confrontation with the United States, it is not willing to buy that avoidance with its abdication as leader and protector of its Communist allies.

Thus the bombing of North Vietnam, a complete failure as an inducement to bring Hanoi to the negotiating table, is likely to succeed in bringing the Soviet Union to the battlefields of Southeast Asia. The bombing is bound to continue on an ever-expanding scale; for such are its inner dynamics in view of its assumptions and of its failure to achieve its end. Every target hit – one marvels, to believe the official reports, at the number of bridges and radar stations with which the landscape of North Vietnam must be dotted – weakens not the resolution of Hanoi to unify Vietnam under its auspices but the resolution of the Soviet Union to stay out of the conflict.

Yet military intervention, carefully limited, brings compensation to the Soviet Union, and the hard liners have not been remiss in pointing them out. Military intervention might well serve to restore the ascendancy

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of the Soviet Union in the world Communist movement. That ascendancy has been effectively challenged by China, and the main talking point of China has been the lack of the Soviet Union's revolutionary militancy. However, in the present conflict China is in no position to come to the aid of North Vietnam without risking the destruction of its atomic and major industrial installations; for it is not yet a nuclear power. But the Soviet Union is under the cover of its nuclear deterrent. It could go a long way, albeit facing the risk of escalation, to demonstrate to the Communist world that while China only speaks loudly but can do very little, it is the Soviet Union who in actuality carries the big stick and is willing to use it on behalf of another Communist nation. If worse should come to worse and China, too, were to be involved actively in the conflict, she would have to rely for her protection upon the deterrent nuclear power and the conventional arms of the Soviet Union.

Thus in the end the monolithic character of the Communist camp would be restored under the auspices of the Soviet Union, which would have demonstrated by deed where effective power lies within that camp.

Turning from the substance of policy to its intellectual quality, the critical observer is struck by the motivating force which considerations of prestige exert both in Washington and Moscow. That this is so in Washington hardly needs extensive elaboration. If one probes beneath the rationalizations for our military presence in South Vietnam, one finds as the dominant motivation the fear that if South Vietnam should go Communist, no nation threatened by Communism would entrust its protection to us. Thus one nation after the other would go Communist. In other words, the Communization of South Vietnam would be the beginning of the end of the free world. We have even dignified this historic determinism with the name of a theory, the so-called "Domino Theory." It assumes that as South Vietnam goes so will Thailand, and as Thailand goes so will India, and so forth, until the whole world will have gone Communist. This theory is a slogan born of fear and of a misconception of history and politics. It is unsupported by any historic evidence. The Soviet Union went Communist in 1917 and China in 1949, but no other nation followed suit. In 1945, Poland and Hungary went Communist, but Finland did not, and all the Balkan States went Communist, but Greece did not. In 1948 Czechoslovakia went Communist, but no other nation did. In 1954 North Vietnam went Communist all by herself, and in 1960 or so Cuba went Communist without being followed by any other Latin American nation. Social and, more particularly, revolutionary change is not the mechanical result of imitation and prestige but of objective conditions peculiar to individual nations. It is, however, illuminating to note that the "Domino Theory" is but a replica of a vulgar Marxism which also believes in the inevitable spread of Communism from one country to the rest of the world.

Similarly, the Soviet Union operates on assumptions of prestige, both for itself and for North Vietnam. It cannot allow Hanoi to go to the negotiating table under a hail of American bombs; for to do so would be tantamount to admitting that the United States can impose its will upon a small Communist nation by force of arms. It cannot afford to remain indefinitely passive while American bombs destroy North Vietnam; for to do so would be tantamount to admitting that the Soviet Union cannot protect a small Communist nation against America's military power. When I mentioned to a Soviet official American considerations of prestige and pointed to the need for a face-saving device and for Soviet cooperation in providing it, he replied: "Other nations must take care of their prestige, too." He was right. But then it is the task of statesmanship to settle disputes in such a way as to minimize the damage to the prestige of the parties concerned. Of such statesmanship there is not a trace to be found on either side. As a result, we are moving closer and closer to that military confrontation which nobody wants but which nobody knows how to avoid.

"Don't Forget Your Commitment!"

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Berkeley and Beyond

by Irving Howe

I want to posit the idea that almost every student who comes to an American university has somewhere in the back of his mind a true vision of what a university is supposed to be: that the university should serve as a center for disinterested learning; that it should be quick with the passions of controversy yet dedicated to those studies which the outer world may dismiss as esoteric; that it should be a sanctuary for opinion; and that in its precincts he should be able to encounter men who will serve as models of intellectual discipline and enthusiasm.

Now there are some American universities in which the student can find all of these, though it takes a bit of looking; but only rarely can he find them as the dominant voice of a university or find them uncontaminated by the grossness of utilitarian measurement and the calculations of the business ethic. Here is testimony from Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, who speaks as the agent of the prevailing drift:

"The university has become a prime instrument of national purpose. . . . This is the essence of the transformation now engulfing our universities. Basic to this transformation is the growth of the 'knowledge industry,' which is coming to permeate government and business. . . . What the railroads did for the second half of the 19th Century and the automobile for the first half of this century, the knowledge industry may do for the second half of this century: that is, to serve as the focal point for national growth. And the university is at the center of the knowledge process."

There is the voice of dominant America: knowledge as "industry." And its style too: "the knowledge process." How old-fashioned, by contrast, is the view of Cardinal Newman that "knowledge is capable of being its own end," and how characteristically utopian of Lewis Mumford to write: "As the cloister of the monastery might be termed a passive university, so the university might be called an active cloister: its function is the critical reappraisal and renewal of the cultural heritage."

We have always, in our lust for self-congratulation, deluded ourselves as to the quality of American education, and we have never properly realized how deep is the conflict between the values of the free mind and the values of the marketplace. But partly the trouble has to do with something new in our society, the growth of "mass education" during the last 20 or 30 years. Whether more American boys and girls will go to college each year is no longer a question. The question is, what will happen to them once they arrive? For "mass education" is one of the more significant democratic experiments of our time: an experiment barely begun, and under circumstances that work heavily against its realization. Our society has stumbled into the possibilities of "mass education" – perhaps more accurately, it has been forced to confront these possibilities because of military and technological pressures. But it has not yet appropriated a small fraction of the talent, energy and resources needed to make "mass education" a success. Whether *this* society can do that is, to my mind, an open question. The difficulties would be staggering. Consider, for example, the recent expansion of our colleges and the consequent pressure to appoint to our faculties men who lack the necessary training and more important, the spirit of devotion and austerity which, at least occasionally, ought to characterize the scholar and intellectual. Fifty or sixty years ago, when the American university had a relatively well-defined role as the cultural training-ground for the country's upper strata, a decently mediocre professor was not likely to do much damage. As a carrier of the received culture, he might even do some good. Today, in an atmosphere of fevered expansion, lucrative busy-work and harsh uncertainty as to what a university should be, the decently mediocre professor tends all too often to be a disaster, because he cannot cope with the staggering tasks of convincing thousands of ill-prepared and poorly-motivated students that, quite apart from utilitarian or national ends, there is a value to the life of the mind. He cannot persuade his students that there is such a value because, more often than not, he does not know what the life of the mind is. Moreover, to make high claims for the life of the mind in a world devoted to accumulating money and bombs is either to indulge in a pious hypocrisy or to indicate to one's students that if they are to become serious intellectuals they must be ready to accept a measure of estrangement and perhaps deprivation.

The old-fashioned traditional scholar, sticking by his narrow specialty no matter who gets bombed or what freedom march occurs, may not be an intellectual hero or an inspiring model for the young, but at least he sustains the values of disinterested scholarship which

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are essential for the survival of a true university. Much more menacing, as it seems to me, is the professor-entrepreneur busy with a mess of grants, textbooks, institutes, conferences, consultations, indeed, with everything but serious teaching and intellectual work. I quote at some length from two quite moderate professors at the University of California at Berkeley, Sheldin Wolin and John Schaar:

"For some time now, the students, especially the undergraduates, have felt themselves to be an alien presence within the multiversity, an 'Other Academia' analagous to the 'Other America,' ill-fed, ill-housed and ill-clothed not in the material sense, but in the intellectual and spiritual senses. As the multiversity has climbed to higher and higher peaks of research productivity, material riches, and bureaucratic complexity, the students have fallen into deeper and deeper abysses of hostility and estrangement. The students' own favorite word for their condition is 'alienation,' by which they mean . . . a sense of not being valued members of a genuine intellectual and moral community. Their feeling is grounded in reality.

"The architects of the multiversity simply have not solved the problem of how to build an institution which not only produces knowledge and knowledgeable people with useful skills, but which also enriches and enlightens the lives of its students – informing them with the values of the intellect, preparing them to serve as the guardians of the society's intellectual honesty and political health, arming them with the vision by which society seeks its own better future. . . .

"By any reasonable standard, the multiversity has not taken its students seriously. At Berkeley, the educational environment of the undergraduate is bleak. He is confronted throughout his entire first two years with indifferent advising, endless bureaucratic routines, gigantic lecture courses, and a deadening succession of textbook assignments, and bluebook examinations testing his grasp of bits and pieces of knowledge. . . . It is possible to take a BA at Berkeley and never talk with a professor. To many of the students, the whole system seems a perversion of an educational community into a factory designed for the mass processing of men into machines."

This indictment is severe, but not, I am prepared to testify, excessive. Nor is it complete. A diagnosis of the malaise afflicting the American university would have to say a good deal about the increase in the size and power of administrative bureaucracies which regard the university as essentially "their" institution to be spared the troubles of restlessness and innovation. Something would have to be said about that prime vulgarity known as "publish or perish," a travesty of scholarship and common sense. And something more would have to be said, as I am glad to see the Berkeley students did, about the pressures faced by state universities from Boards of Regents heavily weighted toward conservative and business ideologies and almost always without faculty or student representation.

In short: the future of the American university, insofar as it will remain a university, is severely problematic; the ideal of the "active cloister" put forward by Mumford remains to be clarified and defended; and no one can do this as well as teachers and students together, for their interests, while not identical, are at least congruent.

The Student as Adult

Partly because the university has come to play a larger role in the socio-economic life of the country than ever before, hundreds of thousands of young people now spend larger portions of their lives in the universities than ever before. And not merely their lives as minors subject to institutional control, but also as young adults usually able to vote, expected to pay taxes, and liable to military service.

One consequence ought to be a serious effort to reconsider the relationship between university and student, the terms of which were originally set under radically different conditions. In regard to public discussion and the rights of political minorities, the American university remains, by and large, a stronghold of democratic freedom; but its inner life as an institution is usually far from democratic. The system of authority governing the American university ranges from the outright dictatorship of the "strong" president to academic control by a faculty conscious of its traditional privileges; in most cases there is an uneasy compromise between top administration and faculty, with an intervening bureaucracy slowly accumulating more and more power.

But as far as students are concerned, they are supposed to remain in and be content with a state of almost complete dependence. University administrators, brimming with rectitude, presume to supervise the private lives of students. Decisions concerning academic standards and procedures are generally made without so much as consulting students. This is not, I think, a healthy situation, and without indulging in any mystique about the spontaneous wisdom or virtue of the young, we ought to recognize the appropriateness of

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student consultation in academic affairs.

The doctrine by which administrators justify their supervision of student life is called *in loco parentis*, the institution acting in place of parents.

The usual attitude toward students is that they constitute a mixture of necessary consumer and irksome dependent. They pay their money (or receive their fellowships) and must then submit to whatever disciplines and routines the university proposes. Now there is a sense in which this seems quite proper: the student, being a novice, has come to learn from his superiors, and before the latter admit him to their ranks they have the obligation to test his competence. Yet this hardly justifies the present systematic refusal to consider seriously student opinion concerning such matters as teaching procedures, curriculum, course requirements, etc. (Actually, student opinion *is* taken into account, even about such sacrosanct matters as faculty tenure; but this happens in the worst possible way, through gossip, hearsay, comparison of class sizes, etc.)

At the graduate level the situation becomes still more galling. The graduate student, though presumed to be a serious person and often one who makes notable sacrifices to pursue his studies, is placed in a condition of dependency far more severe than that of the undergraduate. The whole career of the graduate student can be at the mercy or whim of a few professors, sometimes only one professor. Anyone who has taught in an American university knows how often the bright and lively undergraduate undergoes a depressing change in style soon after entering graduate school: he becomes professionally cautious, intellectually timid, concerned to please and adapt to professors. This is hardly a system calculated to encourage manliness and independence of spirit. Surely, without challenging the authority of the faculty or creating that state of "anarchy" which is said to haunt the dreams of educational administrators, it should be possible to consult systematically with graduate students concerning a wide range of educational policies.

Even to raise such a possibility is to provoke outcries from certain professors about the danger of reducing our universities to "banana republics" where over-politicized students would establish a terrorist reign of laxness. How far-fetched a fantasy this seems in the actual context of American university life! And besides, such fears would seem a bit more worthy if American professors had shown themselves proudly resistant against the real danger to their authority, which comes from the steady encroachments of academic bureaucracies.

What our more thoughtful and restless students are requesting is not that academic decisions be turned over to "student mobs," but that they be allowed, through democratic channels, to express their views about matters of the greatest concern to them. Often enough students are wrong in their opinions about academic life and educational policy, but then so too are the rest of us; and a supply of fresh mistakes might be invigorating. We professors ought to appreciate the value of constructive – even not so constructive – restlessness: for while it might make our lives less comfortable, it would surely make them more interesting.

Sound and Fury or Serious Politics?

At the height of the Berkeley struggle, the students were right to insist that questions about their leaders' politics could only distract attention from the urgencies of their campaign. Yet, in any larger perspective, it is obviously important to consider the motivating ideas of the student leaders. A significant number of them think of themselves as radicals. Their radicalism is vague and non-ideological; it places a heavy stress upon individual integrity, perhaps more than upon collective action; it seldom follows from any coherent theory of modern society. The campus radicals respond most strongly to immediate and morally unambiguous issues, such as Negro rights, free speech, etc., yet they also feel strongly that they are "alienated" from the prevalent norms and values of the society. Suspicious of older radicals, tending to dismiss (a little too casually, I think) the experience of the last forty years, properly hostile to what Orwell once called "smelly little orthodoxies," and sometimes a bit impatient with systematic thought, they cast about for a mode of socio-cultural criticism which will express their strong ethical revulsion from the outrages, deceits and vulgarities of our society. Frequently, their radicalism tends to be more a matter of personal life-style than a program for common activity: they react violently against the hypocrisies of "success" and worry about finding work and ways of life that seem to them authentic.

It is an encouraging development. We have badly needed such young people – devoted, passionate, educated – who will not be content with "the given." But the question must always arise in regard to student politics: how long, how deeply will this new generation persist? We are all familiar with the rhythm of a certain kind of campus radicalism. A sudden flare of political interest; a fury of activism, sometimes accompanied by premature ideological hardening and an impatience with those outside the campus who are regarded as insufficiently "revolutionary"; and then, often because the original commitment was not well thought-out, a slide into disillusionment, leading to the frenetic weariness of careerism, or the cautions of official liberalism, or literary reflections on the tragic limitations of mankind. Now this is, of course, a cari-

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cature, but it is a caricature based on more than a little reality.

Previous social movements, like the CIO in the thirties, and even the Negro liberation movement of our own day, can largely be seen as drawing their strength from the justified grievances of particular classes and groups. Radical intellectuals hoped that expressions of working-class discontent would lead to a larger effort toward social change; those under the influence of Marxism spoke of the proletariat's "historical mission" and its "inherent revolutionary potential." Right now, it is hard to think in these terms. We find ourselves, instead, wondering whether intelligent people, on various levels of the economic scale, can be drawn into a new politics based on their sense of responsibility, a vision of idealism, a wish to remake the world. If anything of the sort is ever to happen in the United States, it may well begin on the campus.

We can end only with questions. Will the energy of student rebellion be frittered away or will it grow into something stable, enduring and reflective? It is so hard for young people to wrench themselves away from our sticky world of "success" that when now and again they do become radicals, they tend to think of their commitment mainly as an extreme posture – a rebellion against the middle-class, a nose-thumbing at the world of their fathers – rather than an effort to initiate a serious politics. And sometimes this difficulty leads to an unearned impatience, or even contempt, for the procedures of democracy and an accompanying submission to the allure of charismatic leaders and authoritarian ideologies. Still, the student rebels will have to work out their ideas for themselves, and there is little reason why they should repeat the experience of an older generation, even that segment of an older generation which may have learned something from its experience.

GARDNER JACKSON 1897-1965

One of the notable figures of our times died in Washington on April 17. Gardner Jackson came from a wealthy railroad family in Colorado; but he spent his life, and most of his fortune, in helping the submerged people of his day, the subsistence farmers, the sharecroppers, the migrant laborers, the unskilled workers, the *braceros*, the American Indians. He began as a student by defending President Alexander Meiklejohn against conservative attacks at Amherst. As a reporter on the *Boston Globe*, he organized the defense committee for Sacco and Vanzetti. In New Deal Washington, he constituted a one-man farmer-labor party and reform movement, whether he happened to base himself at the Department of Agriculture or the Senate Civil Liberties Committee, the CIO or the Farmers Union. If he could get no one to work with him in combating the indignities of the world, he would cheerfully set out to do it by himself.

Because he cared so deeply about people and injustice, he forgot things other people cared about, like power, success, prestige, money. They used to say sometimes that the underdog had "Pat" Jackson on a leash; but his caring was not soft or undiscriminating. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, when I came to Washington in the first years of the war, "Pat" Jackson invited me to join a group of anti-Communist liberals in government agencies who met regularly for dinner and discussion. His courage as labor reporter for *PM* in exposing Communism in the unions at the height of the wartime alliance with Soviet Russia led a band of National Maritime Union thugs to set on him late one night in 1944, beating him unmercifully and blinding him in one eye. No doubt historians will be hard put to credit Gardner Jackson with specific achievements – though people in Washington, as they read about Secretary Wirtz's *bracero* campaign today, will remember that they first heard about Mexican migrant labor from "Pat" Jackson 30 years ago; and this is true about many other things. His was a humane and spontaneous faith, generous and disorderly, and he quickened the lives of all who knew him. He seemed to know everybody in the America of his time – from Meiklejohn, Robert Frost and Stark Young in his undergraduate days through Felix Frankfurter and Reed Powell and my father in Cambridge and John Dos Passos and Edmund Wilson on Cape Cod and Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, Henry Wallace and Francis Biddle, John L. Lewis and James G. Patton, down to John F. Kennedy, for whom he worked in the Massachusetts senatorial campaign of 1952.

With some of these people he came to a parting of the ways. But he valued and preserved the bonds of human affection. Not being devoid of human frailties, he always distinguished between the sinner and the sin. Those whose lives he enriched never forgot him. I remember that in the White House President Kennedy used to ask me from time to time what "Pat" Jackson was up to. Next to Pat's irrepressible humanism, the cheerless bureaucratized liberalism of later years, drilled in movements and tyrannized by slogans, seemed a sad and dreary thing. Gardner Jackson's everlasting strength was his perception that people mattered more than dogma, sympathy more than righteousness – this and a rare humor and modesty about himself. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

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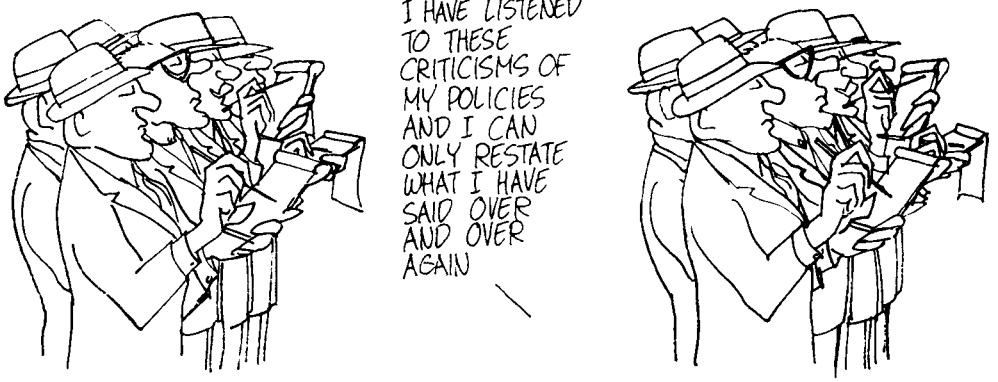
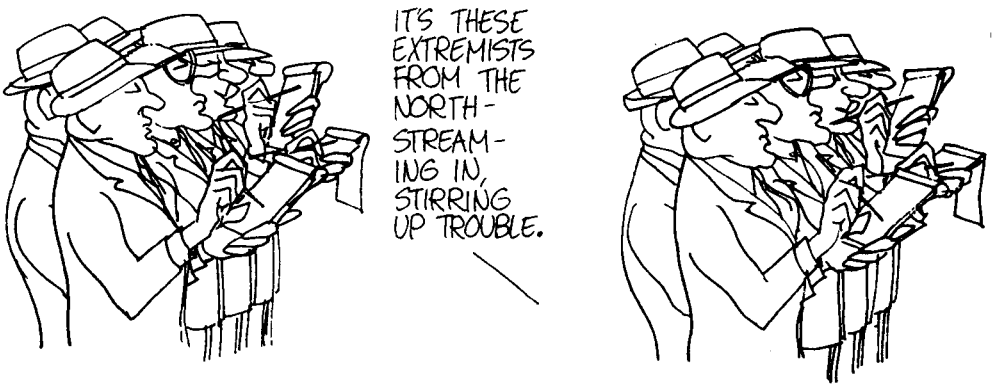


THERE IS NO PROBLEM HERE EXCEPT THE ONE OF OUTSIDE NORTHERN AGITATORS-
BREEDING DISCONTENT AND REVOLUTION. THESE PEOPLE IN THE SOUTH ARE MY FRIENDS. A GENTLE BREED I KNOW MANY OF THEM - THEY DON'T WANT TO FIGHT US.



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Morison's American History

by Alexander Butler

Bernard Berenson once told Samuel Eliot Morison to write his history of the United States, "in one swoop; then it may have literary value." In *The Oxford History of the American People*, Morison ignored the advice and has produced 1,100 pages of text-bookish names, dates and places which will numb the general reader for whom, Morison says, he really wrote the book.

The Oxford History of the American People
by Samuel Eliot Morison
(Oxford; $12.50)

Morison's basic error, as with many comparable histories for the general reader, is nothing as simple as overestimating the readers' abilities to absorb facts; the error is as complicated as a historian's confusions about the nature and meaning of history. Morison has argued that the historian must be the means through which history reveals itself and that the historian must reveal the truth which history imposes upon itself. To the historian, Morison transfers the duties once performed by the prophets: to speak the Truth as helpless agents of the Truth. We are not victims of historical Truth or even of historical Truths, but we are the victims of our own imaginations. Like Proust, we remember things past because we want to remember. Remembrance is an act of the human will, and there is no way to relieve even the historian of the responsibility for what he says. Those facts which the historian selects to set down as history clearly indicate the virtues and defects of his imagination and are the basis of judgment or of literary value, in Berenson's phrase.

It is a quibble to point out that some of Morison's facts are wrong, perhaps inevitable in a book of this length, but it is no quibble to find his imagination defective. Morison, of course, is not so simple and unimaginative as to be content with writing the what and never the why of history. He carefully dissects the whys of Puritanism, for example, a notoriously difficult religious impulse to analyze. His emphasis is upon traditional narrative history, and no one could dispute such a personal preference. When he chooses to devote time and space to Justin Morgan and horse-breeding or to the America's Cup and yacht-racing, he spares us the dullard's routines of history and delights rather than stifles our imaginations. When he labels Senator McCarthy as "saturnine, cruel, greedy," Morison may not demonstrate the imaginative powers of Henry Adams denouncing the hell-fiend of a Napoleon lolling around on his throne, but Morison does show the imagination of commitment.

One may find flaws in these commitments. Morison writes of French Canada, "the year 1763 marks the beginning of French Canada as a self-conscious people, ill-rewarding the tolerance of the English conquerors by indifference and disloyalty." This is the commitment of the 19th-Century gentleman who has lived on into the 20th Century when the Anglophile is less respected. And to refer to Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia as a gentleman is to ignore the peculiar nature of his political power, but these are quibbles; how about the important men in our history?

Morison once confessed to his fellow historians that in any general history of the United States he would make Jefferson, Jackson and the second Roosevelt his heroes. Morison now finds the heroic image of those three somewhat tarnished; and without toppling them, he finds other images to adorn: Washington, the first Roosevelt, Truman, MacArthur and Kennedy. Morison's heroic and liberal history has become semi-heroic and conservative-liberal history. The realism of his judgment is weakened by sentimentality when he closes his book with President Kennedy's death and then quotes the melodramatic sentiments of the lines from *Camelot* which rhyme story with glory and Camelot with forgot. A judgment is banal which hopes to equate Eugene O'Neill's artistic prowess with those of the ancient Greek playwrights or which cites Paul Manship's "Prometheus" – of Rockefeller Center fame – as an example of good sculpture. Morison claims that he selected the pictures in part for their artistic quality, so we have photographs of the Syracuse New York Savings Bank of 1875, the Penn Steam Marble Mantel Factory of Philadelphia, as well as photographs of race horses and racing ships, but mostly photographs of politicians and generals – fine documentation but notoriously bad art. Though Morison is proud of his inclusion of social and artistic history, those parts of the book are grizzly.

Morison is at his best with battles and wars – no surprise since he is the author of the fifteen-volume *History of US Naval Operations in World War II* – but even in these sections his imagination seems strangely defective. He writes about the "glorious" battle of Midway in June of 1942. What about the imagination of a man who calls any battle glorious when he has, some four hundred pages earlier, quoted William James's definition of war as the product of man's " 'delusion and perversity'." If Morison were filled with Niebuhr's "tragic sense of history," we might applaud; but for Morison to hold such discrepant views of the nature of war and of man without a shred of self-consciousness is to justify questioning the sensitivity of his imagination.

Morison is past president of the American Historical Association and the only American historian to receive the Balzan prize for "la rigueur de son esprit critique et la sûreté de son jugement," and we have a right to expect the sureness of judgment. We have a right to expect that a book which closes an early chapter with the sonorous

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tones of the "Salve Regina" will not end the last chapter with the banal sounds of *Camelot*. We may have come downhill all the way, as Morison believes we did, from the moral majesty of Puritanism to the moral degradation of Freudianism; but need we be so sentimental and pseudo-moralistic about our journey? Why praise the 18th-Century William Byrd of Westover for his culture and ignore his sexual license, and then condemn 20th-Century America for its sexual license and ignore its culture, as Morison does? Any art, including history, is a manner of ordering experience, and a meaningful pattern is much preferred to whimsy and accident. To justify an event, as Morison does, merely because it happened, is to reduce history to a study of accidents and chances – which it may well be – but for the historian to deny his responsibility for selecting such accidents and chances, as Morison in effect does, is to deny his responsibility as a man.

Nehru: Sixty Years to Power

by Alex Campbell

Jawaharlal Nehru, the jewel of India, died a year ago and was the best of the new batch of world leaders who filled the stage after the Second World War. It was not just that he was almost agonizingly wary of the effects on himself or on any human being of possessing power. Modern political figures are enormously complacent about power. Even when they kill people, they seem to imply that it is for the victims' own good. Nehru had no such illusions. He distrusted power, because he sensed in himself a keen thrill and ultimate satisfaction in wielding it. This much at least he owed to Gandhi, who otherwise filled him with alarming doubts about the Mahatma's essential soundness on many matters.

Nehru: The First Sixty Years
Edited by Dorothy Norman
(John Day; $27.50)

But Nehru's distinguishing qualities as a politician compassed more than his unusual distrust of power and above all of power in his own hands. He also remained to the end of his days a well-read man, with a happy interest in the arts and sciences as well as in the cunning fashioning of words; and he retained a wholesomely simple vision of an improved, cleaned-up, educated and cultured humanity cheerfully busy about the thousand and one tasks of a world commonwealth. This robust optimism at once dates him and explains why he seems such a strange find in the post-Second War world. Nehru was a leftover from the 19th Century, an old-fashioned humane socialist and cosmopolite. And he was also an Englishman by taste and intellectual nourishment. He was brought up on Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill and Annie Besant (he became a theosophist, briefly, aged 13), with Bernard Shaw, Harold Laski and the London School of Economics as later accretions.

Not surprisingly, he described himself as a queer mixture of East and West, belonging to neither. India was emphatically not his spiritual home; yet he was somehow proud of being a descendant of Kashmiri Brahmins, and any danger of his becoming a genteel tea-drinking Bloomsbury socialist, a browner Sidney Webb, evaporated in the arid but strenuous atmosphere of Indian nationalism, with its *hartals*, *satyagrahi*, and other manifestations of non-violent resistance against British rule, its eternal propagandizing and speechmaking and recurrent jail sentences (Nehru served nine). As with the pre-Bolshevik Russian revolutionaries, the terms in jail afforded the necessary leisure for writing still more pamphlets and books. Some fate for a cosmopolite! Though he sometimes spoke vaguely of India and China becoming parts of a federation that might merge in turn in a world federation, Nehru really had as few illusions about Indian (or any other) nationalism as he had about the evil properties of power. India's religions filled him, he said, with horror. Its millions of poverty-ridden peasants (65 million of them untouchables) evoked mystical exaltation in Gandhi, but in Nehru only a manifest urgent wish to abolish both them and their poverty. This was less because he was an aristocratic Brahmin than because masses of rural illiterates fitted no sort of new world order that he could conceive, any more than did Gandhi's ideal of a society of simple-souled, hymn-singing village weavers and handicraft workers. And Gandhi's bland out-of-hand rejection of any sort of birth control for India appalled him as much as the country's religions did. Nehru never understood about religions: not until it was right on top of him, with all its consequences of mass migrations and murders by the million, did he perceive that Jinnah really meant to partition India by creating the separate Moslem state of Pakistan.

This then was the exceedingly odd, sensitive, Eton- and Cambridge-educated Indian Englishman who became independent India's first prime minister, 15 years ago, and who after the deaths of Gandhi and Sardar Patel bore most of the burden and all the responsibility of governing almost half a billion people. Long before, an unknown critic had warned in a magazine article that given only "a little twist" Nehru might become a dictator. The anonymous writer had in fact been Nehru himself, a fairly sure indication that he had no serious inclination toward the *fuehrerprinzip*. His real problem as India's tutor was not any personal itch for power, but the Indians. Huge mental gulfs separated him from them. As he half-hinted more than once or twice, he felt that he was an alien among his teeming people.

In her introduction to these two large volumes of Nehru's papers, Dorothy Norman describes him as "shy." But he was not a shy man who had nevertheless accustomed himself to addressing innumerable huge gatherings, he was rather a naturally aloof man who remained aloof in spite of constant, compulsive contacts with the raw masses. Even his most intimate, most sophisticated acquaintances – after Gandhi's death he had a devoted daughter and many worshippers but almost no real friends except perhaps the terribly English Mountbattens – sensed this aloofness of his and re-

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spected or bowed to it. At elegant garden parties in New Delhi, Nehru was often alone although surrounded by people, because the guests tended to draw aside when the well-known figure with the rose in his tunic approached. Yet one often got the impression that he was eager for someone to come up and speak to him.

Unfortunately he seldom heard much that pleased him. Flattery, which he could have of course by the wagonload, he despised. What he liked were rational discussions of a rather profound sort, preferably pitched in a somewhat old-fashioned style: the kind of good talk that the vanished Asquiths and Balfours had graced English country houses with all through long weekends. Or if he could have had as his constant companions Bertie Russell and Shaw. Instead, and excepting Radhakrishnan the philosopher (and now the President of India) there were only the politicians and the peasants. Of the two, as the years of growing frustration went grayly past, he seemed to prefer the peasants. Increasingly, he left problems piling on his desk in New Delhi and went on long, speech-making tours in the countryside. Gradually, the speeches became longer but less interesting, more mechanical and less moving. He developed pedagogical habits even in conversation. The tendency to expound and to explain had always been apparent; it began to predominate. Nehru no longer hoped that his audiences might have something to teach him: it was tacitly understood that he imparted, they received. Toward the end, his talk like Lord Chesterfield's consisted largely of instructive monologues.

This is not to suggest that Nehru became complacent and self-satisfied, the politician's usual occupational hazard. Quite the contrary. As his dissatisfactions with India and Indians deepened, his "flashes of temper" (his own charitable description) became royal rages. Few who saw them will forget such spectacles as the Prime Minister of India seizing a *lathi* from an astounded policeman and angrily poking it at over-worshipful encroaching crowds. These fits of temper never lasted. But there also came upon him phases of gloomy introspection that deepened and lengthened. Matters were not improved when it became apparent that not just India but the world refused to live by Nehru's broad, sane vision. Even England, it seemed, had tired of his constantly proffered, sage advice.

So Nehru ironically succumbed to the prevalent nationalist influenza and ordered the attack on Portuguese Goa that gave the Chinese (who to this day leave Portuguese Macao alone) the excuse for a military probe of India. But Miss Norman's massive 1,273-page compilation tells only of the first sixty, comparatively happy years, even though the last 15 are amply documented: the government of India has faithfully printed for posterity every one of those instructive monologues.

The Mystic More Freudian than Freud

by Alan Watts

It has become increasingly obvious that psychoanalysis is a system of creed, code and cult – in short, a religion, complete with apostolic succession, ritual, meditation practices, warring sects, heresies and heresiarchs. This is not to deny its value as a therapy, for even medicine and surgery retain their indespensable religious components – in particular, a patient's faith in his doctor. Such components are all the more inevitable in psychiatry and psychotherapy, operating in that hazy borderland between the ill-defined territories of "body" and "mind." The difficulty is that so many who work in this field want to have the status of scientists – to be able to claim exact and quantified information about the motivations of human behavior. But this behavior does not take place in the carefully isolated environment of a test-tube, and what happens in the "sterilized" confines of hospitals or psychological laboratories is not what happens out in the open. Out here, human behavior takes place in a context, a field, where there are infinitely many variables. There may come a time when this field can be mapped with scientific precision, but as things are now even the "inner environment" of the nervous-system is far from being understood.

The Wild Analyst:
The Life and Work of Georg Groddeck
by Carl M. Grossman, MD, FAPA
and Sylvia Grossman
(Braziller; $5)

Nevertheless, there is such a thing as successful psychotherapy. Some individuals seem to be able to bring it about in much the same way that specially gifted people can sing or paint in a way that seems inspired, but they cannot really tell anyone else how it is done. How, for that matter, does one digest food? It is an immensely complicated process, but we just do it without knowing how. Such an inspired psychotherapist, and physician too, was Georg Groddeck who practiced in Baden-Baden until his death in 1934 – a psychoanalyst in some ways more Freudian than Freud, more gutsy and earthy, and yet at the same time a mystic, a man of astonishing faith in what he called "the It." The philosopher Keyserling, who was his patient, once said that of all men Groddeck reminded him most of Lao-tzu, whose philosophy was to follow the Tao, the Course of Nature, as a good sailor follows the wind – using its power even to go against its direction.

Groddeck's "It" was vaguer and more comprehensive than Freud's "Id," and considerably more sexy than Jung's Collective Unconscious. Perhaps the most important part of the Grossmans' book is the correspondence between Freud and Groddeck on the concept of the Unconscious, wherein Freud acknowledges his debt to Groddeck. "Everything that comes from you," he wrote, "is interesting to me, even if in the details I am not always in agreement. In your 'It' I do not recognize my civilized, bourgeois 'Id'. . . . However, you know that mine is derived from yours." For Groddeck used "the It" as a catch-all word for the unknown psychophysical forces by which, as he said, we are *lived*. He felt that it was the Unknown Self in relation to which the ego was but a passive mask, a tool, and that all conscious and all

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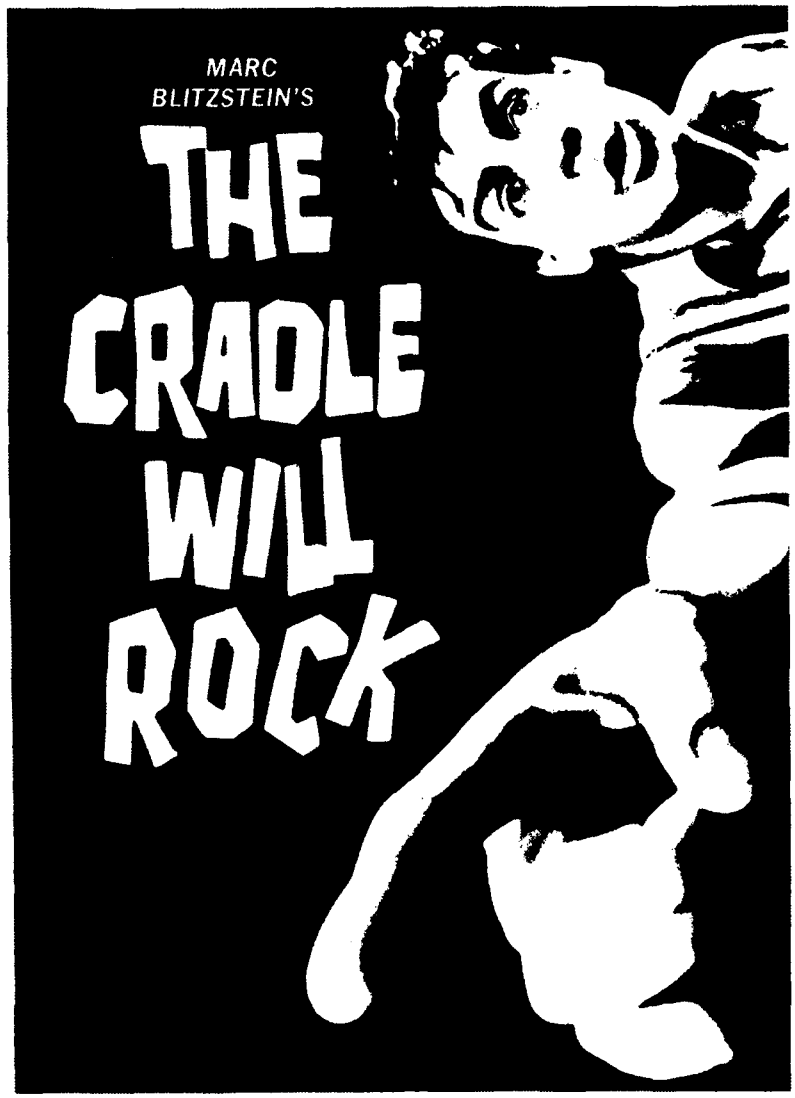
overt behavior, including diseases and accidents, was It's working. He was, therefore, one of the first to use psychoanalysis in the treatment of "physical" disorders.

His best known work (recently reissued in paperback) was *The Book of the It* (1923), written in the form of a series of letters from "Patrick Troll" to a young woman – the pseudonym that exactly suited his goblinish appearance. When I first read it in 1935, it was issued in a sealed wrapper and marked "For Sale to members of the medical, clerical and legal professions only." For Groddeck's It was as impishly scatological as a small boy, as lusty as a satyr, as careless of prudence and survival as an idiot, and yet wise in the way of gnomes and elves – not at all like the gods of most mystics. But Groddeck had such total and infectious faith in this It that the very intelligent bookseller from whom I bought my copy said, "After reading that I shall never again be afraid of being sick."

Thus his power as analyst and physician was in persuading his patients to "go limp" in the midst of their storms, and to regard themselves as "lived" by the It even in the stress of responsible work and decision, as in tacking with a sailboat. Obviously, the attitude and the technique are religious. The It, and Id, and the Collective Unconscious are new names for God whose character, however, is very different from the God of the Hebrews and Christians.

Yet from today's standpoint there is something lacking in all these conceptions of the Unconscious: they are too narrowly psychological, too confined within the human organism, too closely bound to the old biological idea of instinct, and too vague. It would be better to call the Unconscious "the Ignored," and to include within it all those physiological, social, and ecological relationships which are ordinarily screened out or ignored in our conscious attention to life. This is a field, a pattern of interrelationships which – unlike the vague It – can to some extent be analyzed in terms of structure, even though it may at last turn out to be the whole universe!

The Grossmans have made an excellent attempt to revive an interest in



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Groddeck, which is at the same time a very important addition to the early history of psychoanalysis in recounting Groddeck's dealings with Freud, Ferenczi, Rank, Ernest Jones, Frieda Fromm-Reichmann, and other founding fathers. Unfortunately, the writers do not seem to have known Groddeck themselves, as a result of which his elfin personality does not shine through as much as it should. There would have been space for more anecdote, even if only for the personal reminiscences that were published at the beginning of the English edition of Groddeck's book, *The World of Man*.

FILMS

Matters of Death and Life

Not On Your Life!
(Pathé Contemporary)
The Fool Killer
(Allied Artists)

"At present the Spanish film is politically false, socially false, intellectually insignificant, aesthetically null, and industrially rickety." This statement was issued in 1955 by a congress in Salamanca, and in this country we have had small reason to doubt it. We know of an active film school in Madrid, we know of (and have seen) much production in Spain by Americans and British, but we know few Spanish films, and few of the few have been interesting. Therefore *Not On Your Life!*, though finally unsuccessful, is a pleasant surprise.

It is a black comedy: about a young hearse-driver in Madrid, who has trouble getting girls because of his occupation, and the daughter of a public executioner who has trouble finding a husband because of her father's occupation. They marry, eventually, and in order to secure the apartment in the new housing project to which the executioner's job has entitled him, the son-in-law – much against his will – has to take up that job when the old man retires. Much purportedly comic play is made of the young man's reluctance, of the pressure brought on him because his baby needs its new, pleasant home. He hopes against hope that his first victim will be pardoned; in fact, he is somewhat in the condemned man's position, appealing to the priest, waiting for news of reprieve. The best scene in the film – simply and scathingly staged – is in a huge bare room in the prison with a small door in the far wall. The condemned man, somewhat resolved, walks towards the door with attendants and witnesses. Following him is the new executioner, weak-kneed and struggling, supported and propelled by two guards who have to summon the priest's help.

There are other sharp-edged scenes, notably the wedding. We know that our pair are to marry. The next scene begins as the organ plays and we see the brightly lit church and many handsome guests. But it is not our couple. This rich pair finish and leave; then as the sacristan and altar boys scurry around removing decorations, our couple are ushered in quickly, to have their ceremony performed by a lesser priest. They have to step over the carpet that is being rolled up the aisle. Their priest has to squint and tilt his missal as, during the ceremony, all but one of the candles is extinguished.

This scene and other gibes – at the civil service and officialdom at various levels – make it seem much more like an Italian film than one made in Franco Spain. And to allow it to be exported! It is true that Bunuel made *Viridiana* in Spain, but as soon as it won a festival prize, it was disowned. *Not On Your Life!* won a prize several years ago at Venice, yet here it is. A whole flock of swallows do not make a Franco summer; let us merely say that it is good to have renewed evidence that the stubborn, beautifully insolent Spanish character survives.

Nino Manfredi, the Italian actor who is a kind of younger, more handsome Ugo Tognazzi, is the hero – presumably and not badly dubbed in Spanish. Emma Penella is the meaty Spanish heroine. (The girl's name is Carmen, the man's is José!) But the outstanding performance – paradoxically easy to overlook and underpraise – is that of the executioner by José Isbert, a lovely old actor, warm and unostentatiously skillful. In effect he kept reminding me of the late Edmund Gwenn. Then I remembered that this director, Luis Garcia Berlanga, had made *Calabuch* some years ago with Gwenn, and perhaps he cast this part with the closest equivalent he could find in Spain.

Berlanga, now 44, is one of the two best-known Spanish directors. (The other is J. A. Bardem. Bunuel has been forced to spend so much of his time abroad that he is not much more a Spanish director than Hitchcock is an English one.) Berlanga is noted for his comedy and satire, and in this film, which he also wrote, he shows a cruel eye and a deft hand. Most of it is built and moved cleanly: with point and pace. The trouble is that it is difficult to laugh even when four-fifths of the texture is funny because the supporting element – the other fifth – is the garrote. After a while we tell ourselves – possibly in compensation-cum-admiration – that Berlanga is not really trying to make us laugh, even satirically: that the blackness of the black humor is a mask for a non-satiric statement of natural history: observation of a society that easily accommodates horror, in which a baby is born and sheltered on the profits of garroting and in which an old executioner waxes just as mellow and lovable with the years as any village priest or blacksmith. André Cayatte's *We Are All Murderers* is a violent outburst against man's in-

VOICES OF MODERATION *(Civil Rights Div.)*: *Bertrand Russell in a letter to the Committee to Defend Resistance to Ghetto Life, April 6: "Nothing more clearly indicates the hand of oppression in America than the indictment of American radicals for having instigated [1964's Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant] riots." (Those indicted having been caught hurling bricks at police and giving neighborhood seminars in the construction and use of Molotov cocktails.)*

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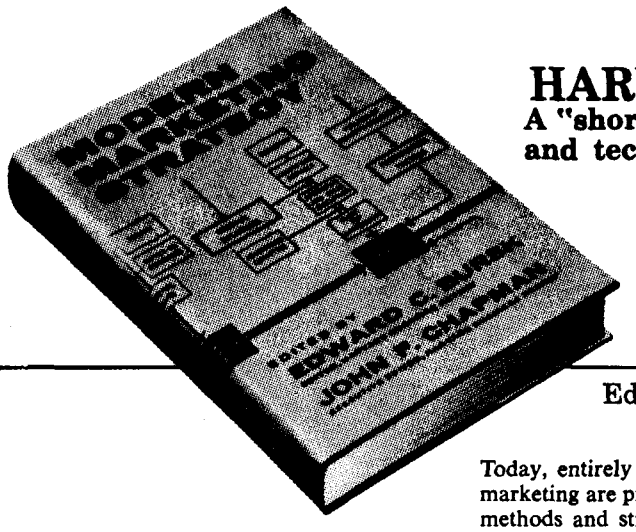

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humanity to man. Berlanga's film, in sum, sees capital punishment as only one more human stupidity. Cayatte wants the guillotine abolished. Berlanga, we feel, would doubtless like the garrote abolished but, if it happens, relies on men to supply another phenomenon to fill the stupidity vacuum.

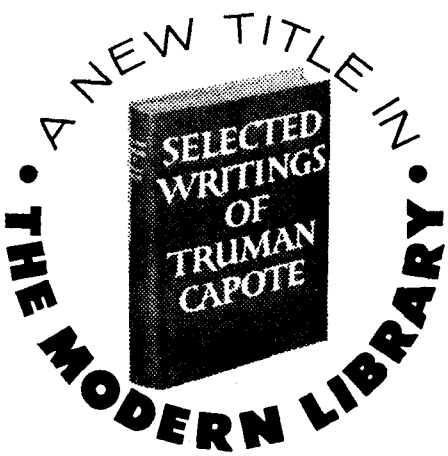
A picture of a quite different kind that is also an eventual disappointment (although on a much lower level than Berlanga's) is *The Fool Killer*, made from Helen Eustis's novel. It is the story of a 12-year-old Southern boy, just after the Civil War, who runs away from stern foster parents to a series of enlightening adventures. In his first encounter, an eremitic old eccentric tells the boy about the demon of the title, who is always lurking to chop off the heads of fools, and this apparition haunts the boy until he can purge himself of the foolishness of believing it.

The film aims obviously for escape into Natural Life, à la *Huckleberry Finn*. The photography by Alex Phillips Jr. combines nicely the timeless pastoral and the period feeling of Matthew Brady, the latter considerably helped by Dorothy Jeakins's costumes and Robert Smith's settings. The director, a newcomer named Servando Gonzalez, has some affinity with subject and mood and strikes some true notes of eclogue: for example, a scene in which the boy meets a wandering ex-soldier, they take off their clothes and go swimming, then have a conversation holding on to a log floating in midstream. But, as is the nature of idylls pressed into dramatic service, the internals of scenes tend to sag. Also Gonzalez has leaned far too heavily on long sweeps of the boy running across fields, on arty montage, even on sideways shots. He is, I should judge, much more experienced with film techniques than with acting. Thus he permits the elocutionary falsity of Salome Jens as a country storekeeper, the mouthy self-consciousness of Arnold Moss as a revivalist, the posings of Anthony Perkins as the soldier.

However, Henry Hull, too long absent, is a ripe old polecat of a hermit (we seem to smell him), and the boy, Edward Albert, although not remarkably talented, is nonetheless straightforwardly boyish.

If Gonzalez develops a valid dramatic sense to match his pictorial eye and good feeling, he can become an interesting director. His unsureness in drama makes him accept a good deal of counterfeit coinage, and his overreliance on mere pictures makes the film seem often to be standing back and admiring its own bucolic beauty.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN



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RECORDS

Horowitz Meets Scarlatti

Urged by someone who assured me that Horowitz's performances of Scarlatti sonatas on Columbia ML-6058 and MS-6658 were very different from his usual playing, I listened to them in the hope of hearing something like the change in Rubinstein's recent playing; but such a change is rare, and it is not to be heard in these Horowitz performances. They still give the impression that he regards a piece of music as material with which to exhibit the marvelous things he can do with the piano: on the one hand his dazzling feats of high-powered virtuosity; on the other hand his varieties and gradations of tone. The use of the toccata-like Scarlatti pieces in fast tempo for an exhibition of the virtuosity results in performances with the piano equivalent or approximation of the sharpness of attack, the sparkle, the energy and brilliance these pieces have on the harpsichord; but the use of the ones in slow tempo for an exhibition of the varieties and gradations of tone – and above all the gradations of the Horowitz pianissimo – results in performances with the mannered, melting Horowitz cantilena that is at the opposite pole in sonority, style and effect from the Scarlatti cantilena. The stereo record produces Longo Nos. 21 and 203 with rattling distortion.

More authentic playing of a couple of Scarlatti sonatas by Rafael Puyana on the harpsichord is on Mercury MG-50411 (mono), with his performances – impressive in the considerate mastery of the instrument that serves a sensitive musical intelligence – of C.P.E. Bach's set of variations, *Les Folies d'Espagne*, Telemann's Bourrée alla Polacca, Fischer's Passacaglia in D minor, and pieces by the two Couperins, Rameau and others, most of them engaging.

Some of Sviatoslav Richter's best playing, beautiful in sound and in treatment of the music, is on RCA Victor LM-2611 (mono), in the infrequently heard Scherzo No. 4 of Chopin, much of which is rather uninteresting, the Gavotte from Prokofiev's ballet *Cinderella* and Nos. 6, 8, 9, 15 and 18 of his *Visions Fugitives*, and several pieces by Ravel and Rachmaninov which some may care more for than I do. They were recorded at two of his concerts here in 1960, and are reproduced well.

Clifford Curzon achieves satisfying statements of the beautiful second movement and scherzo of Schubert's Sonata Op. 53 on London CM-9416 (mono); but his low-keyed rattling-off

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of the first movement deprives it of the power it has in Schnabel's performance on Angel COLH-83; and the finale, similarly rattled off by Curzon, doesn't have the grace and charm Schnabel gives it. I therefore recommend the Schnabel performance in spite of its distortions of shape of phrase in the second movement.

There are other infrequently heard works besides Chopin's Scherzo No. 4 which, it turns out, are played infrequently because they are not very interesting; but the infrequently heard Quartets Op. 54 of Haydn are among the outstanding examples of the genre, in which the Haydn operation – the high-spirited playing with the medium and with the listener's mind – rises to incandescence. The Allegri Quartet's performances on Westminster XWN-19094 and WST-17094 are satisfying, except for a tempo too fast for the proper articulation and effect of the first movement of No. 2. The first violin's tone is more agreeable in the mono version than in the stereo.

Though we are soon to have the Toscanini recording of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* at last, the mishandling of other Toscanini recordings, both unreleased and released, continues. On the one hand there is still no prospect of Victor issuing the 1941-42 Philadelphia Orchestra recordings of Debussy's *La Mer* and *Ibéria*, Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which demand release not only as documentation of the joint operation of a great conductor and a great orchestra, but as some of the greatest performances Toscanini ever put on records, superior to the ones of these works that he recorded later with the NBC Symphony. The reason Victor has given for not issuing them – the "mechanical imperfections which neither the Maestro nor the company could accept" – is only a pretext: as one who has heard the test pressings I can say that the surface noise, though strong, doesn't prevent one's hearing and enjoyment of the beautiful sound and the superb performances, and doesn't justify Victor's withholding them from the music-lovers who want them. And it takes a record company to talk solemnly about the imperfections that make it impossible to issue the excellent Philadelphia recordings, while it issues electronically altered versions of Toscanini recordings which damage and falsify their sound – in some instances to the atrocious degree exemplified by the new transfer of the 1946 Tchaikovsky *Romeo and Juliet* in LM-7032, *Toscanini Concert Favorites*. In this the solid, bright, live, clear sound of the original 78-rpm recording is deprived of its solidity by a cut in bass, of its brightness and liveness by the filter used to eliminate the 78-rpm surface noise, and of its clarity by the heavy varnish of echo-chamber gloss. Even a less extreme reduction of solidity, brightness and liveness lessens the effect of the exciting 1941 Johann Strauss *Tritsch-Tratsch Polka* and 1939 Paganini *Moto Perpetuo* in LM-7032; and bass and treble have to be added also to the 1946 Mendelssohn Scherzo (why this one rather than the more brilliant 1947, and why not the entire withdrawn 1947 *Midsummer Night's Dream*?), Bach Air on the G-String (which has a bad hum) and Wagner *Faust Overture*, the 1945 Sousa *El Capitan* (from a broadcast), the 1942 *Star-Spangled Banner*. Moreover, the withdrawn 1951 Strauss *Don Juan* is reissued, in LM-7032, with beefed-up sound that is less true than the original; and in the reissued and beefed-up 1949 Ravel *Daphnis and Chloë* Suite the woodwind warblings are less distinct, the strings haven't their original liveness and bite, the trumpets are dulled. All this constitutes mishandling of the released Toscanini recordings, which results from the mistaken attempt to make them attractive to the people who want present-day recorded sound. It is mistaken because these people aren't interested in Toscanini's performances, whereas the people who *are* interested in them want the most accurate possible reproduction of them, which means the original sound in all its solidity, brightness and liveness; and for this they will accept its limitations and even the defects and the surface noise that can be eliminated only with loss to the musical sound. They should, therefore, demand of Victor not only that it issue the Philadelphia Orchestra recordings, but that it refrain from any electronic monkeying with them and issue absolutely accurate transfers of the 78-rpm originals.

Klemperer's adequately animated pacing and the singing of Nicolai Gedda (Tamino), Gundula Janowitz (Pamina), Lucia Popp (Queen of the Night) and Gottlob Frick (Sarastro) make the *Magic Flute* on Angel 3651 (mono) a good one; but I prefer the one on Deutsche Grammophon 18-267/9 with the more beautiful singing by Stader, Haefliger, Streich and Fischer-Dieskau, and the prewar one on imported Odeon 80471/3 superbly conducted by

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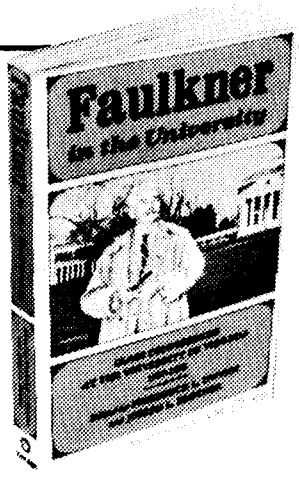

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Marilyn Horne, who created a sensation in a concert performance of Rossini's *Semiramide* a year ago with the beauty of her mezzo-soprano voice, her accurate florid singing and her impressive phrasing of melody, exhibits all these, on London 5910 and OSA-25910, in arias from *Semiramide, La Cenerentola, L'Italiana in Algeri, Les Huguenots, Le Prophete, The Daughter of the Regiment* and Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito.*

And Janácek's *Missa Glagolitica*, better known as *Slavonic Mass*, a work with extraordinarily powerful writing in a highly individual idiom, is performed superbly, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-954 and 138-954, by Evelyn Lear, soprano, Hilde Roessl-Majdan, contralto, Ernst Haefliger, tenor, Franz Crass, bass, Bedrich Janácek, organist, and the chorus and orchestra of the Bavarian Radio under Kubelik.

B. H. HAGGIN

ART

Americans at the Met

I have seen the past and it works, would be a splendid epigraph for the show, "300 Years of American Painting," just opened at the Metropolitan and scheduled to be there to mid-October. Like most major art institutions in this country, the Met has been very slow to discover this country. For the institutional founding fathers along the East Coast and in the Midwest during the last thirty years of the last century, art was something that happened someplace else, chiefly in Europe but for the rare advanced collector also in the Orient. The story of the American artist and his society is not one of slow and steady achievement of recognition and even, in our day, parity with Europe. It is rather the story of an early mutual attraction that lasted right up to the Gilded Age, was destroyed in time to make outcasts of one kind or another of Eakins, Homer and Ryder, exiles of Whistler, Sargent and Cassatt, and has slowly been rebuilding ever since Sloan and Glackens.

The American quality glints ice-cold and hard at you from the very first galleries at the immense Metropolitan show. Think of the 18th Century in Europe and you think of Watteau to Fragonard, Tiepolo to Guardi, Reynolds to Rayburn. With the differences there is a great common quality among those painters and they are completely foreign to the American painting coming into existence during that century. The colonial portrait man, who last week painted a tavern sign and this week is painting the proprietor and his wife, has no classical language, no tradition and no particular stylistic ambition. He wants only to get down on canvas what he sees before his eyes. There are a hundred art-student short-cuts that could save him time and sweat and he doesn't know them. He paints what he sees; he paints more than he sees. In those paired portraits of the pre-Revolutionary time, there is a strange intensity in the grim, set faces staring out at us. The evident concentration is, as much as it is anything else, the painter's own engrossment in seeing and making. But this he shared with his countrymen: it is one aspect of the quality that took them through the mountains, across the plains, through mountains again to another sea.

With that process begins the second great adventure of American painting, the turning of that intensity toward the land itself. Again there is a profound difference from Europe. In France especially, the great contest of the early 19th Century was between realism and romanticism. The Americans had already solved the problem without quite being aware that it was one; they decided to become both and they did. Thomas Cole began the great pilgrimage of painters up the Hudson and on to the Rockies, in the name of seeing what the country was all about, and at the same time he was using the

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same wild scenery for stage effects in the voyage of life. The attitude of Washington Irving toward his materials and people was an extremely complex and sophisticated one and it is accurately reflected in his superb illustrator, John Quidor. This decorator of fire engines is seen in the Met show in a rich and glowing scene at the old Wall Street gate and the whole American view, compounded of skepticism and romaticism in equal parts, is in the picture. So it is in the justly celebrated George Caleb Bingham hallucinatory ensemble of the fur-trader drifting down the river. As ensemble, the picture is strange and compelling with its apparition out of mist of the flat boat and its cargo; yet as you see the details, the chief trader is anything but heroic, a scraggly, beat-up, not quite comic figure.

Such was the background that produced our great masters, Homer and Eakins, and the same kind of pedestrian poetry characterizes their work. Philadelphia is the place for Eakins, but the Met manages a good number including that vision of crystal clarity, "Max Schmitt in a Single Scull." The mathematical exactness of the construction as the eye shifts from shore to shore, from boat to boat, from near to far, is abstract beauty, yet it is also the subject got down as best the artist can and it is also, even at that late date and even in the hands of such a master, the pressing determination, like the limner's, to see everything, even the texture of the air.

The Homers in the show are fantastic. A whole long wall of the bounding sea confronts us; then, diagonally opposite each other across the large room, two masterpieces take that sea quality onto a higher level of perception. One is "The Gulf Stream," and when all allowance is made for the carefully calculated sequence of hopes and despairs – the sail, the storm, the shark, the tension of the Negro sailor – the picture is still fundamentally about the sea itself; the calm power of that swelling surface bears life and death impartially upon it; the message is conveyed not by the plusses and minuses of the man's unhappy situation, but by the weight and slide of the great water. In the other the sea is absent, the "Searchlights at Santiago Harbor." Blue light cuts through deeper blue night and we see the cannon and the fortification but the whole atmosphere is made by the sea; it is in the air.

Those two giants were alone in their achievement, but by no means alone in their time. The mood, tone and technique varied infinitely, from the dogged kind of fool-the-eye realism of Harnett and Peto, to the gentle lyricism of Inness, the awe-struck wonder of Bierstadt, the sense, in Blakelock, that all this wild land is about to end, to get unwild.

The Metropolitan divides its American 20th Century from the rest of the show and the division will be followed here. It is heartening, of course, to have the greatest of our art institutions give equal space to its own art. It is heartening, too, that the Met owns better than 90 percent of the more than 400 pictures in the show. The installation is magnificent, with just enough furniture and sculpture placed about the rooms to relate, very quietly, the progress of our painting with the progress of our life at large.

FRANK GETLEIN

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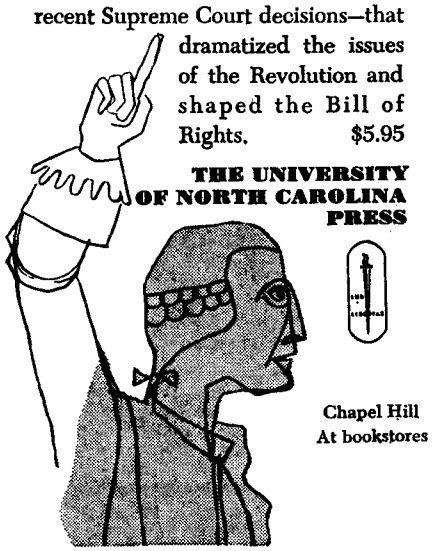

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Correspondence

New Radicals in Dixie

Sirs:

It was very disappointing to read the fine beginnings of Andrew Kopkind's article, "New Radicals in Dixie" (April 10) and then discover the two paragraphs dealing with the dangers of the "old line leftist organizations." Even more surprising was the author's implication that one of the groups closely connected to one of these "tainted" organizations, the Southern Conference Educational Fund, is the Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC).

SSOC has received some financial help from ten other liberal, religious, labor, and civil rights organizations as well as from hundreds of individuals both North and South. It is only technically accurate to say that "SCEF helped in an indirect way to start the Southern Student Organizing Committee." In the same sense, any of several other organizations or any one of numerous individual supporters helped to start SSOC. . . . Mr. Kopkind's interviews with the officers of SSOC consisted of about a two minute interview with Gene Guerrero, former chairman of SSOC. Nor do we believe that Mr. Kopkind spent any amount of time discussing our organization with any of the numerous individuals who could have enlightened him on our beginnings.

SSOC has realized for some time now that SCEF support was considered "tainted" by some. It has not accepted this support merely because it was "legal tender." SSOC has refused to disown SCEF or Carl and Anne Braden because there has never been shown, aside from some vague rumors, why we should either consider SCEF or the Bradens suspect, subversive or communistic. . . .

SSOC is one year old. It began with an attempt to coordinate its efforts and involve more white Southern students in working for a new South. Since the beginning it has expanded and become a Southwide student group working on Negro and white campuses. SSOC has student contacts and affiliated groups on approximately 100 Southern cam-

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puses. Its newsletter has a circulation in the South of over two thousand.

The uniqueness of SSOC lies in the fact that it is an indigenous effort by Southern students to create a new Southland.... The creation of a new South means many things to us. It means an end to racism and poverty. It also means a South without fear. This includes the fear of the old left. The battle is that of the 60's not of the 30's. For all too long this country has lived under a vale of fear imposed by vague rumors and we refuse to be a part of it.

Southern Student Organizing Committee
Sue Thrasher,
Executive Director
Gene Guerrero, Jr.,
Field Secretary
Philip J. Hirschkop, Counsel

The fine article by Andrew Kopkind, "New Radicals in Dixie" (April 10), mentions the Southern Conference Educational Fund, Carl and Anne Braden, and the Highlander Folk School, all of which I know something about. ... I have been a member of SCEF for some years and know the Bradens. Until last year I lived in Alabama; was a (white) minister there. I think I can state that it is not a Communist organization. Kopkind says "to what extent they [the Bradens] are dyed-in-the-wool Communists is impossible to say." It seems to me a person is either a Communist or he isn't.

Anne Braden has written a book called *The Wall Between,* which Eleanor Roosevelt called the best book written on the South up to that time (about 1957). She is also the author of a brochure called *HUAC: Bulwark of Segregation,* which accuses HUAC of fighting those who oppose segregation (and, in my opinion, makes a pretty good case). Mrs. Braden does not give her views on Communism in these writings, except to say (in the latter brochure): "Regardless of one's opinion of its theory or practice, it is a rather significant concept in the world today."

The current president of SCEF is Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth, a militant civil-rights worker but certainly not a Communist. The past president was Bishop Edgar A. Love of the Methodist Church. The president before him, a man who meant much to the organization, was the late Aubrey Williams, a former director of the National Youth Administration.

I have seen every issue of *The Southern Patriot,* official publication of SCEF, for the past several years. I have not found any Communist terminology, any call for a violent revolution....

The Highlander Folk School in Tennessee is certainly not, nor has it ever been, a Communist school.... Kopkind says the school has "ignored the Pinker coloration of some of its students and sympathizers." What does he think the school should have done, hire detectives to check out everyone who attends the school? ... Some have tried to show that Carl Braden is a Communist by pointing out that he served some time in prison for failing to cooperate with HUAC. But in his reasons for his action, Braden explained that he felt that the First Amendment guarantees for freedom of speech protected him, and he refused to cooperate with HUAC on principle. We might disagree with him, but my point is that refusal to cooperate with a legislative committee is not proof of Communist Party membership.

Kopkind says that the National Lawyers Guild "has been accused over the years of fellow-traveling." My gosh, I have a hard time thinking of a single creative organization in the country that has not been *accused* of that!

The main thrust of Kopkind's article, that obsession over Communist infiltration in this movement is silly, is good.

Rev. Emory Burton
Thornton, Indiana

The point of Andrew Kopkind's article is well made, but I must protest what he has done to the Highlander Folk School in the process.... Highlander has never been a "front" for anything. It has been investigated countless times by various agencies of the federal government and there never was any finding of Communist influence over its policies or programs. The State Department has sent foreign visitors

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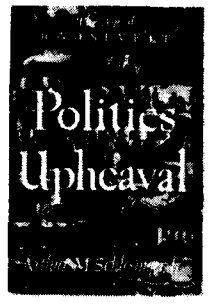

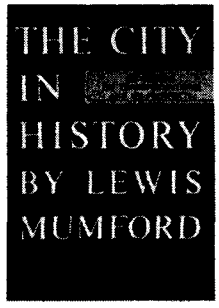

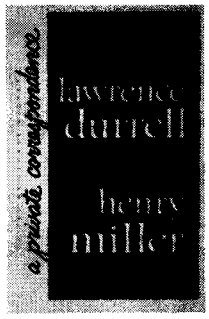

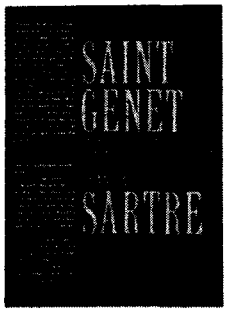

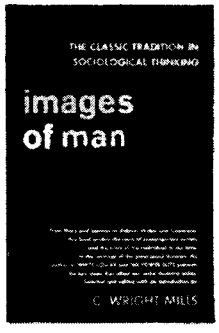

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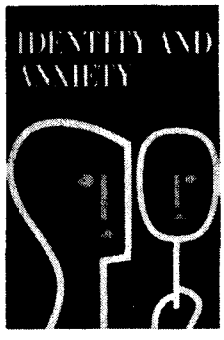

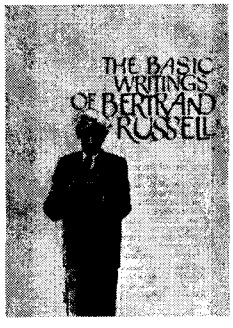

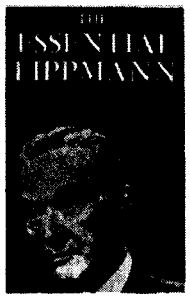

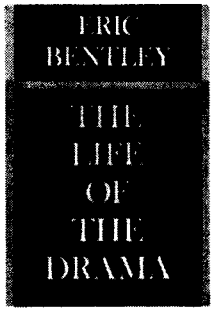

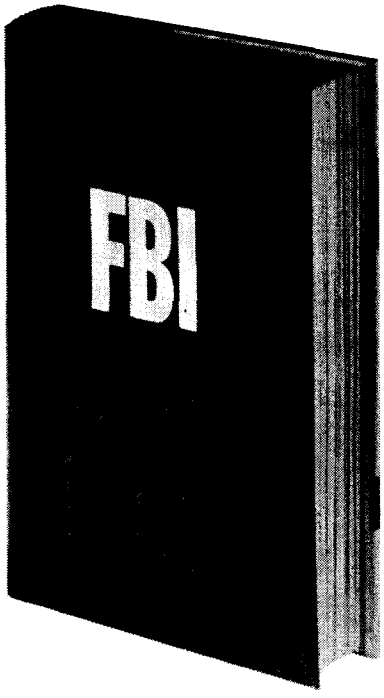

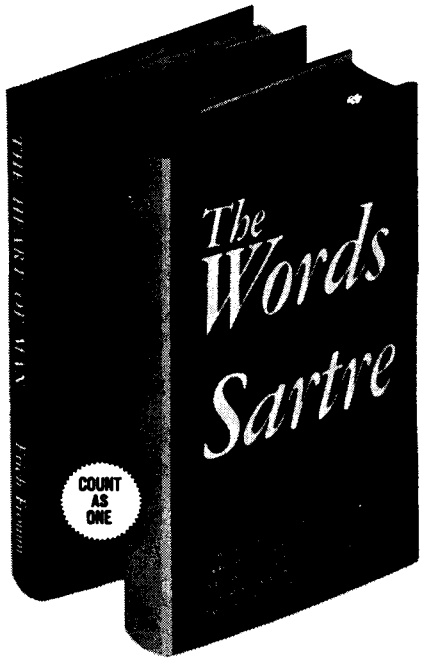

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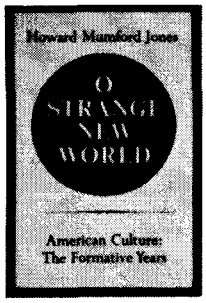

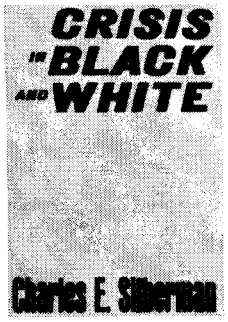

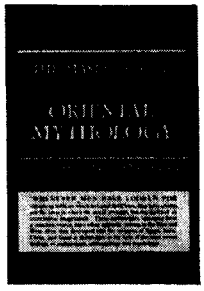

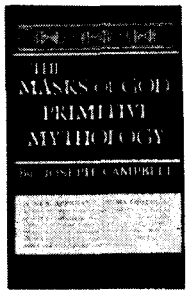

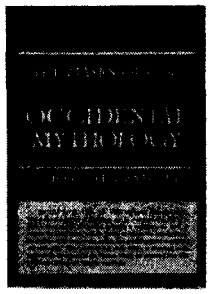

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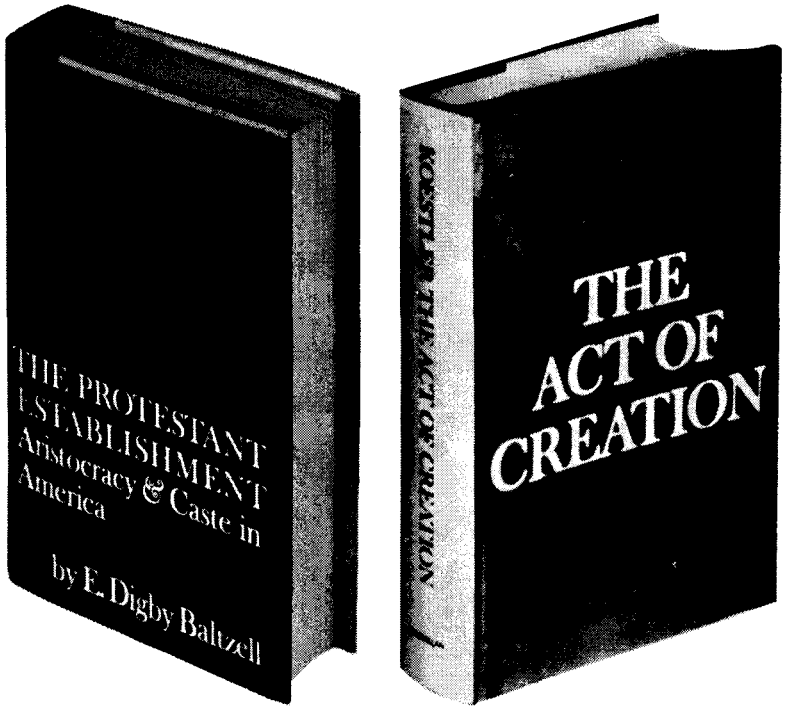

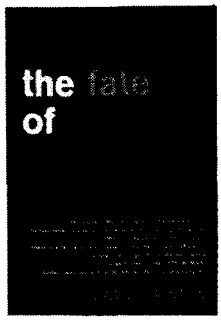

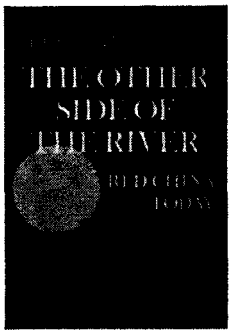

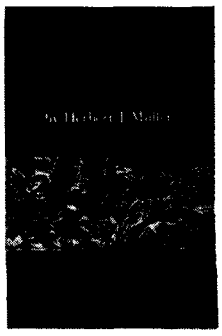

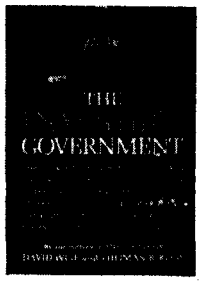

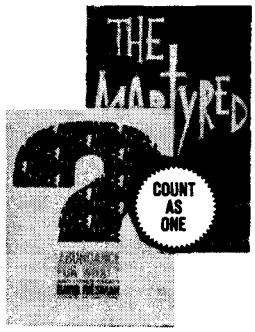

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there as one place where integration could be observed in the South; the Internal Revenue Service granted it tax exemption as an educational (as compared to political) organization; and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was guest speaker at the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration. Perhaps it has "ignored the pinker coloration of some of its students and sympathizers"; but did anyone run a security check on all the people who participated in the march on Montgomery (not that anyone should have)? *Marvin E. Goodstein*
University of the South

... Anyone who knew anything at all about the SCEF would have known that the organization was the creation and the instrument of Dr. James Dombroski and my father, Aubrey Williams and dozens of other devoted, courageous and loyal Americans. Dozens? I should say hundreds or thousands. These people have been working for decades to bring a breath of democracy to millions of people to whom democracy has been little more than a word. They deserve better at your hands. *Morrison B. Williams*
York, Pennsylvania

In reply:

There is no question that the National Lawyers Guild, the Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc., and the Highlander Folk School have all done valuable, and in many cases pioneering work in civil rights in the South. Most of the people associated with these organizations are liberal and loyal to the US. But the new civil rights radicalism is on quite another wavelength. The new leaders are wary of the old organizations for two reasons. The first is tactical: identification of the new groups (for example, the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and the Southern Student Organizing Committee) with the old makes fund-raising difficult, according to officers of both those organizations and many more to whom I spoke at great length. Moreover, participation of the older left-wing groups makes the new ones more vulnerable to criticism from the Center and the Right. Neither SNCC nor SSOC considers the loss of Northern moderate support too much to bear. But if pressure continues to grow against "radicalism" in the civil rights movement, the old radicals may be politely asked to retire.

The second, and much more important reason for caution is ideological: the philosophy of the Left of the thirties and forties has very little relevance to the new radicalism. In some ways, the old ideas are death to the new. There are few implications for the old militancy in the dedication to non-violence which after all is the genius of the movement in the South. Organizational discipline, dogmatism, determinism, and class-emphasis are best kept out of the civil rights effort. It isn't a matter of Soviet agents or Communist Party members infiltrating the movement; no one except the paranoid Right worries about that. What does matter to the young civil rights workers is that the unique character of their radicalism is preserved. They ask that they be allowed to make their own revolution, and even their own mistakes, as – Heaven knows – last generation's radicals made theirs.

ANDREW KOPKIND

The Anarchist Tradition

Sirs:

I have been following Joseph L. Featherstone's reviews with appreciation. He has a rare capacity to write for the common reader in a prose style that combines wit, grace, and humanity. But I seriously question the stance he adopts as a critic. ... Though his opinions may be persuasive to the detached intelligentsia, they often seem ill-informed to people who are trying to work out the ideas he discusses.

His attitude towards James Joll's book, *The Anarchists* (April 17), is a prime example. I realize that the wistful tone he adopts towards anarchism as a thing of the past reflects Joll's own mood. But as an American in his twenties, who lives in a community where intelligent and energetic young people are trying to hew workable political programs out of ideas that are largely anarchistic, he is in a far better position than the Englishman to know what is going on.

Anarchism, and its variant decentralism, are very important both to the civil rights movement and to the stu-

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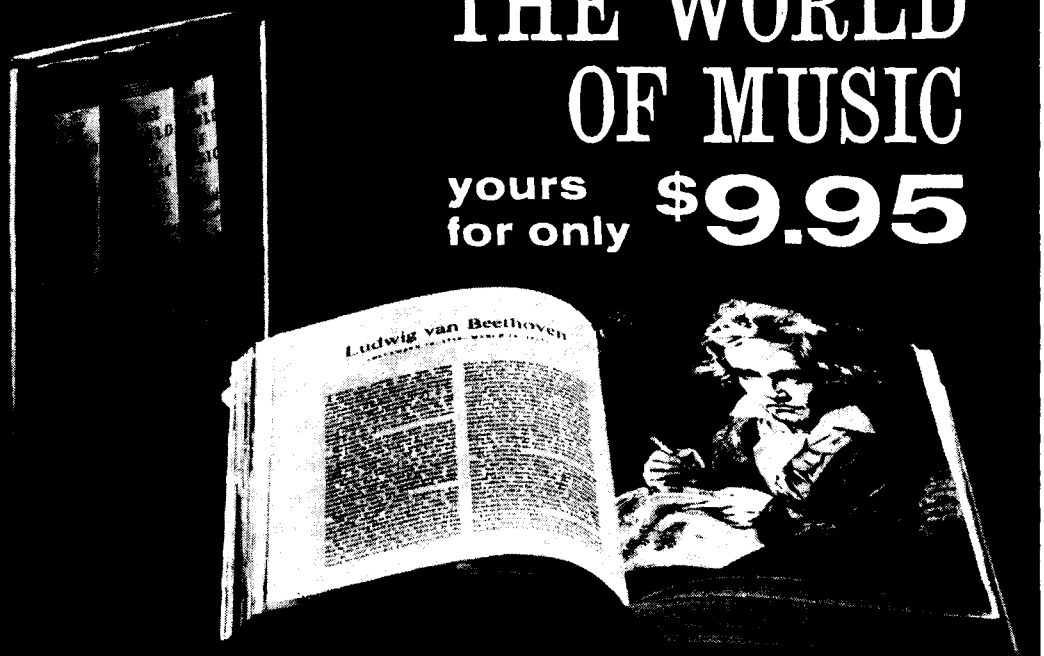

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dent movement. Many discussions within the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and the Students for Democratic Society focus on questions like these: Is established leadership necessary? Can the energies of people be released through the actions of a centralized structure? How does an organization get around the need for a centralized bureaucracy? For many people involved with these questions Bakunin, Proudhon (and Paul Goodman) are extremely relevant thinkers; the *narodniks* and the Spanish anarchists are important groups of activists.

These ideas come from campuses, from the South, from Asia and Africa. Obviously the tradition of anarchism is intellectually thinner than either American capitalism or Marxism, and therefore these ideas are as difficult for people inside the movements to develop as they are for people outside the movements to understand. But gradually a large body of such theory is coming together, and in a variety of fields. It is a shame that a writer so young and intelligent as Mr. Featherstone seems totally ignorant of this development.

In his review of *The Anarchists* and the IWW Anthology Mr. Featherstone makes several remarks that indicate the source of his attitude. He writes that Proudhon had "few illusions about the stunted capacities of the downtrodden" and that the IWW was "mostly a blind reaction to misery by ignorant laborers, miners, and migrants." Now these statements seem to come directly from the academy, from the library; they simply don't ring true to a person who has spent time working with poor people in one of the protest movements. . . . I don't want to exaggerate the qualities of poor people – too much of that goes on within the movements – but Mr. Featherstone's generalizations about their "stunted capacities" reveals a real ignorance of what poor people are like.

Later on Mr. Featherstone makes another statement that troubles me. "The tragedy of anarchist failure parallels the tragedy of Marxist success," he writes. I don't much like the authoritarian qualities of most Communist regimes either, but I doubt that such a sentiment adds much to anyone's understanding of Marx, the Russian Revolution, or totalitarianism in the world today. Like Mr. Featherstone's

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remark about "the downtrodden" the attitude towards Marxist success is easy to come by and easy to express; it is in the air at American universities today. The real problem for American intellectuals, especially for those of us who are under thirty, is to bring what we have learned at universities into the world: to allow our views to develop through the tensions created by particular situations.

Paul Cowan
Chicago, Illinois

Weapons Technology

Sirs:

A reading of my book, *Tomorrow's Weapons – Chemical and Biological,* will give quite a different picture than the one you presented in your editorial "A Door Best Kept Closed" (April 3). . . . If in the world as it now exists the US feels it has to fight, it is completely illogical to ban weapons of advanced technology, which are to our advantage, and meet our enemy with their superior manpower on the battlefields of their choosing on a man-to-man basis. We accepted large numbers of casualties in Korea on that basis and we should not do so again. . . .

You say: don't use "harmless and humane chemical weapons" because maybe something worse might follow. The highly conservative element says: don't permit medicare, or federal aid to education, or assistance to dependent children because it is only the forerunner to complete federal control of our lives.

With regard to the propaganda value of the use of non-lethal gas in Vietnam, an overall perspective is needed. The Chinese Communists do not need any factual basis to launch a propaganda campaign as evidenced by their charges of the US use of biological agents during the Korean action. Determining our national policy by fear of what the Chinese might say is foolhardy. As for the British, the immediate published reaction was from a very few individuals, and did not express the view of the British Government or, as far as we can tell, that of the mass of the British public. I was more dismayed by the weak attitude of our government when it "defended" the use of these more humane methods. In fact, the only logical way of handling the situation would have been to have voluntarily announced their employment immediately. . . .

J. H. Rothschild
Brig. Gen., USA-Ret.
Phoenix, Arizona

A Gush of Optimism

Sirs:

John Wain, in his perceptive review of the new collection of Lytton Strachey's essays, correctly labeled that author a symbol of the non-heroic yet somehow tragic Victorian-Edwardian Age: "He failed to see the horror that was approaching, failed to read the signs of the coming tempest."

Your Spring Book issue (April 17) was on the whole a gush of optimism. TRB, paying more attention to the smoke screen than the destroyer it hid, said the President had "opened an escape hatch," when his speech really declared unequivocally that the US would "win" in South Vietnam. Beside a timid suggestion that peace on American terms might be impossible, and above a short report by a Britisher which proved it, began an unsigned article, "New Weapons, New Experience," which extolled the virtues of Vietnam as a training ground for our fearless warriors and a proving ground for the newest gadgets of death. Sort of like Spain.

Finally, a despicably smug four paragraphs on the "Teach-Ins," capped with a glib comment on teach-in machines. This had the tone of an Alabama sheriff's office. . . .

At Michigan State the Goldwater forces have formed an apparently well-financed committee to support Johnson in Vietnam. In Washington, the Navy seems to be on top in the White House, the Pentagon, and now the CIA. Marines, not the Army, go to Vietnam. The Navy is becoming a pressure group for war, and cannot afford, literally, to lose this one. . . .

The Edwardians were liberal, too. Lloyd-George budget and all that. Will this be a suitable epitaph for flaccid American liberals: "They failed to see the horror that was approaching, failed to read the signs of the coming tempest"?

Bruce A. Campbell
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Mr. Jean-Hubert Delamarre
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